

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 331.—VOL. XIII.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1866.

[PRICE 4d.
Stamped, 6d.]

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MR. BRIGHT ON IRELAND.

THE celebration of Mr. Bright's visit to Ireland by a banquet in the Rotunda, was in keeping with the character for hospitality which Dublin has always enjoyed. The scene, as recorded by the reporters, reminds us of Thackeray's picture of the festival preceding the "battle of Limerick." There were the "muffins and the crumpets, and the bands of harps and trumpets." In direct compliment to the guest of the evening, and in connection, we suppose, with his having crossed the Channel, "The Minstrel Boy" was performed. The absence of the bishops was the only drawback. Cardinal Cullen sent the ingenious and original excuse of a "previous engagement;" the other dignitaries followed suit. But there was sufficient sprinkling of notorieties to render the occasion national. Anything with The O'Donoghue in it is national, and The O'Donoghue presided at this memorable event. He let off with a patriotic introduction, with a spirit natural to him, and with an eloquence of a certain kind, which, though not of the highest order, is always equal to keeping alive the attention of his audience. He indicated the ground over which Mr. Bright was about to go. Mr. Bright's own speech was thoroughly characteristic. His views such as they are, useful in most respects, broad in all, and mischievous in some, were fully expanded. He spoke at an excellent time. The effect of the Tipperary election, in rousing the dormant dislike to Toryism which is inherent in the country, prepared the classes who take part in politics to seize a chance for selecting a distinct basis of opposition to the present Government. The scheme of Independent Opposition, as it was called—of Irish members putting themselves in obstructive attitudes, for the purpose of defeating every Ministry not ready to treat their grievances—has now confessedly been pronounced a failure. The O'Donoghue has surrendered it, in the position adopted at this meeting, and the new programme for Ireland is to comprehend Mr. Bright and his following in the House. The latter displayed oratorical qualifications for heading an Irish popular party in the very commencement of his speech. He spoke of the Parliament of Kilkenny—"a Parliament that sat a very long time ago, and which was scarcely a Parliament at all;" but the point which he extracted from the remote allusion was almost worth his bringing it from such a distance. The Parliament, he said, asked the King this question:—"How comes it that the King is never the richer for Ireland?" This really is the question of questions for us. Mr. Bright was correct in setting aside the notion of "race" inferiority as absurd. It is not with natural dispositions to laziness or with born criminal tendencies an Irishman has to contend, but with practices, customs, and misunderstandings, the results of a long series of experiments in his unfortunate country. We tried to make Ireland English, and we split a nation into a number of factious provinces. We tried to make it Protestant, and we have made Protestantism detestable to the majority of the people. That the people are capable of doing better anywhere than they have done with us, Mr. Bright need scarcely have quoted figures to prove; however, he stated that the portion of the Irish people which had emigrated had, between the years 1848 and 1864, remitted £13,000,000 to their friends and relatives. His description of the Established Church in

Ireland was true to the letter. It was a Church imposed in past times and under exceptional conditions; it remains, after these conditions have ceased, a symbol of conquest, an evil and oppressive mischief, without a shadow of excuse to justify its existence—a perpetual source of discontent, dissatisfaction, and scandal. Mr. Bright indicated the points of difference between this unreasonable and monstrous institution and the apparently similar organizations in England and Scotland. The distracted state of land tenure, and the complications resulting from it, come after or beside the Church as dead-weights in retarding the prosperity of Ireland. The vital point of this subject can hardly be realized here. There are virtually no manufactures in Ireland, no mines, no extensive dockyards or Government works; and when the agricultural population ought economically to distribute itself into industrial employments, it is checked for want of an opening. We do not think that there is much in what Mr. Bright says of the difference as to the times of conquest, two hundred years being at least sufficient to establish a right of possession; and even the atrocities of the penal laws are now nearly forgotten, save when they are revived in Fenian newspapers. The "general sense of wrong out of which has grown a chronic state of insurrection," was a felicitous expression of a real situation of affairs. Below the middle classes in Ireland it is rather a sense than a knowledge which drives the peasantry into Fenianism and occasional landlord shooting. They have a moody, ignorant dissatisfaction which lights up fitfully now and again, but subsides into a normal and sulky impatience for a change in the government of the country when we are congratulating ourselves on their return to loyalty. The raw material of Fenianism is as ready for being worked upon at this hour as it was before Mr. Stephens let himself out of Richmond Bridewell. This is what Mr. Bright meant by "chronic insurrection;" he followed by using the fact of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus as a spring-board from which to take a little oratorical flight. "At this very moment when I speak, the common safeguard of constitutional liberty is withdrawn, and we meet in this hall, and I speak here to-night, rather by the forbearance and permission of the Irish Executive than from those usual safeguards which defend the rights and liberties of the people of the United Kingdom." At one portion of Mr. Bright's speech, an Orangeman obtruded some remarks, but was "promptly removed" without the remarks being reported. An Orangeman certainly had no business at a banquet where Lord Derby was described as doing exactly "what the Government of Lord North did a hundred years ago—sending troops across the Atlantic to fight Irishmen who are bitter enemies of England on the American continent." This is unfortunately true, and not an instance of history repeating itself, but of a surviving effect proceeding from a radical cause. The picture drawn of the landlords in Ireland "collecting rents by a process approaching the evils of civil war," met with assenting cheers and approbation. What ensued we believe to be that invariable disfigurement which, like a fate, dodges every platform movement of Mr. Bright's. The notion of selling the estates of the large landed proprietors, against their wills, and parcelling them out to the peasantry, was utterly preposterous and impracticable. The landlords to whom Mr. Bright referred are not those of whom the people complain. It is the property jobbers—the men who purchase out of the Landed Estates Court,

and who then endeavoured to get their money's worth from tenants whose farms are over-valued—these are the men who “collect their rents by a process approaching the evils of civil war.” The Duke of Devonshire, not many years since, put up a large townland in Waterford for sale among his own tenants, and gave them their farms at the most reasonable prices. Lord Fitzwilliam has frequently done the same thing. What sort of Commission Mr. Bright would bring to sit upon this difficult question, it is beyond our comprehension to conceive; he certainly could not procure one from the materials of which the present House of Commons is composed. He trotted out his hobby on the law of primogeniture unwisely and unnecessarily; but this is a hobby of Mr. Bright's which he loves to caparison on every opportunity. The tag of this lengthy and really brilliant speech was that only a Reformed Parliament could help to bring Ireland to a healthy condition. In this opinion we fully concur. Mr. Gladstone was earnestly disposed to assist Ireland, but he was embarrassed and hampered by the tame support, even on his own side, on questions of Irish policy. The Government of Lord Derby have distinctly pronounced themselves with the landlord class interest, and are not likely to disturb a system so thoroughly Conservative as the property and Church establishments. They must be consistent with their traditions and to their interests, with their traditions of intolerance and bigotry, which have sowed the bitter seed of disloyalty, and to their interests, which are simply to keep in power and to lose no vote by adopting measures which might cast a reflection on their Irish supporters. The Irish members, when they had arranged to unite with each other, were always characteristically disunited; if a majority of them could be got to join with a distinctive and reasonable party, the combination might have some effect, and be productive of something more than unsettled and periodical announcements of dissatisfaction and incompetency.

AUSTRIA.

It is the saddest fate which can befall the ruler of a great empire to become the subject of pity. Such, however, is now the lot of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. Even those who are bitterly hostile to him cannot help commiserating his hopeless plight. The most obdurate enmity is softened at the spectacle of misfortune overwhelming, although not undeserved. But while we yield a sort of contemptuous sympathy to the man, the Kaiser we must wholly condemn. It is true that when he ascended the throne he was too young to have a will or to initiate a policy of his own. But eighteen years have since elapsed. Youth has passed into middle age; but time has brought with it neither maturity of judgment nor strength of purpose. To be weak, in one so highly placed, is not only to be miserable but to be culpable. Good intentions cannot stand in the stead of firm resolves and wise counsels. That the Emperor does, and always has meant well, may be, and indeed is generally admitted. But his reign has been one series of blunders and vacillations. His rule has been everything by turns but nothing long. He has tried a strong, centralized, arbitrary government. He would have tried a centralized constitutional government, only the experiment broke down at the first stage. He has done his best to suppress the various nationalities of which his empire is composed; he has held out to them the most flattering prospects of local self-government as members of one composite and heterogeneous state. He has appealed in turn to the loyalty of Germans, Slavonians, Hungarians, and Czechs; and he has treated each race in such a manner as to extinguish the loyalty to which he appealed. Neither threats nor promises now avail him, for the former are not feared and the latter are not believed. Coercion has lost its terrors, and proffered concessions fail to conciliate. His foreign has not been less calamitous than his domestic policy. The allies whom he trusted have deserted him. Of the two great Powers upon whose support his predecessors relied, one is secretly hostile to him, the other has lately scattered his armies in the field; and he has had to seek, and has sought in vain, the intercession of a State which has long been the persistent enemy of his house. Provinces once numbered amongst the most cherished possessions of his family have been wrested from him; and, having been the master of Italy and the dictator of Germany, he has now lost every foot of territory in one country and every vestige of influence in the other. So many failures and so many disasters have not, however, exhausted all the evil which fortune seems to have in store for him. It is a circumstance of bad omen that his life should have been attempted in the capital of Bohemia; but this act may have been that of a madman or a fanatic. The best sove-

reigns have been exposed to the perils of assassination; nor should any one rashly impute to a whole population complicity in the crime of an individual. The silence with which he was received in Prague—the sullen gloom which overspread the countenances of its citizens as the Imperial cavalcade rattled through the streets, are more trustworthy indications of the temper and disposition of the people. There is every reason to believe that the worst inferences which they suggest are not too strong. Here, as in almost every State which yet remains to the Hapsburgs, he is met by that fatal “too late,” which no warnings and no experience can prevent arbitrary sovereigns and dominant classes from provoking. There was a time, and that not so very long ago, when it would have been possible to reconcile the rival claims of the Germans and Czech inhabitants of Bohemia; when both would have been satisfied with fair and adequate representation in a provincial diet, and both would have willingly submitted to the central authority of a general parliament in matters of imperial interest. But the two nationalities are now irreconcilably antagonistic; they are with difficulty prevented from flying at each other's throats; and while the one clamours for a Reichsrath sitting in Vienna, the other demands not less strenuously that Bohemia should be governed independently of the rest of the empire. Nor is it only here that the tendency to disintegration grows apace. The hope of any accommodation with Hungary has almost, if not entirely, vanished. The Magyars are weary of the tedious delays, of the insincere negotiations, of the nugatory proposals by which their prayers for the restoration of their ancient constitution have been met. Before the late war the Deak party were in the ascendant, and although their terms were hard they were not inconsistent with the existence of a Federal State, of which Hungary might have formed part, and of which Vienna might have been the capital. But it is now understood that, if the Diet should again meet, the ultra-party will carry everything before them, and that they will be satisfied with nothing less than a completely separate Government for their country. The southern Slaves are not less exacting, while the Germans of Austria proper are profoundly disaffected, and Galicia may at any moment become as it has been before the scene of internecine conflict between its Polish and Ruthenian inhabitants.

It is difficult to see how the misfortunes with which Austria is menaced are to be averted; indeed, it may even be said that it is difficult to point out any policy by which they will not be aggravated. The Emperor has once more tried a change of counsellors. Baron von Beust has replaced Count Mensdorff as foreign minister; and as Count Belcredi, the minister of state, and Count Crenneville, his Majesty's aide-de-camp, are understood to have been dismissed at the instance of the ex-premier of Saxony, there can be little doubt that the latter has been invested with plenary powers, and that Francis Joseph will, for the present, carry out the policy which he recommends. Now, so far as that policy has yet been unfolded, we gather that its main features will consist in governing by consitutional means the various kingdoms which form the Austrian empire; and in abstaining from all interference in Germany, and from any attempt to prevent its further and complete consolidation under the influence of Prussia. That M. von Beust, so long the bitter and uncompromising antagonist of the Berlin Cabinet, should be found recommending Austria to abandon all idea of regaining her position in Germany is a sufficient proof, if any were wanting, how utterly that position is lost. It is also a proof of the flexibility of the new Minister, and of his readiness to accommodate himself to changed circumstances. His advice on this point is, no doubt, the best that could be tendered. Bad as things are they would be made infinitely worse by any attempt to dispute with Prussia the ascendancy which the latter Power has established. Unfortunately, however, Austria is, to use a popular phrase, in such a “fix,” that she cannot retire even from an untenable position without encountering fresh difficulties and dangers. The more the Emperor withdraws from Germany, the looser will be his hold upon his German subjects. The real centre of the empire to which they are attached may be at Pesth—it may be its true policy to become a Danubian Power—but the Germans will nevertheless gravitate towards their fellow Germans. If the whole of the Fatherland, with the exception of Austria and of the Tyrol, is formed into one Confederation, it will soon occur to the inhabitants of these provinces that their proper place is with their fellow-countrymen rather than amongst a miscellaneous crowd of Magyars, and Czechs, and Croats, whom they despise and by whom they are in turn hated. It is possible that Baron von Beust reckons upon counteracting a tendency which he cannot overlook, by the influence of loyalty to the person of the

Sovereign, and by the frank concession of Constitutional freedom. But even if such a thing as personal loyalty to the head of the House of Hapsburg still survives, it is far too weak a force to resist the influence of national sympathies; while, with respect to Constitutional Government, the day is gone by when its grant would have entitled Francis Joseph to the gratitude of his German subjects. He has already given it in name; he has thus shown how illusory it might be rendered; and he has subsequently taken it away by a mere act of his Imperial will. These things are not forgotten. They rankle in the minds of the people, who are now well aware that for whatever they may gain in the way of freedom they are indebted to the misfortunes of their Sovereign and not to his liberality or his honesty. Moreover, we confess our inability to discover how the various nationalities are to be held together under a system of Constitutional Government. Unless there be a central and supreme Parliament for the whole empire, the local Parliaments of Hungary, Bohemia, and Austria will soon be at variance; they will drag the State in different directions; and at the first crisis it must fall to pieces. That there is no chance of establishing such a central and supreme Parliament at the present time and in the present temper of the different races is too obvious to need demonstration; while it is not less evident that the tie of a personal union, under the same sovereign—weak as it would have been at any time—would now be purely nominal. The experiment would have had little chance of success had it been tried while the *prestige* of the Kaiser was yet unbroken, and was still a source of power. But not even the most sanguine could expect anything but ignominious failure now that that *prestige* is utterly gone. Specious, therefore, as may be the advice that the Emperor of Austria should govern constitutionally, it comes too late. He would not when he could, and now that he would, nothing is left to him but persistence in the evil course which he has so long followed.

We have hitherto discussed the position and the future of Austria without reference to the actions of foreign Powers. But there is reason to believe that domestic dangers are not the only ones by which she is threatened. Russia has of late assumed towards her a suspicious if not a menacing character. Russia invariably assumes the position of a *bête noir* on questions of European politics, and now that her strength is being recuperated after the Crimean war, we may find her once more willing to utilize her gigantic army in traditional schemes of aggrandisement. Turkey is not the only country in which there are races kindred in blood and similar in religious faith to the population of the Muscovite empire. The Black Sea is not the only direction in which there is a weak frontier with friends on the other side. Galicia is inhabited in nearly equal proportions by Poles and Russians, who regard each other with the most profound hostility. Alternately influenced by fears of Polish insurrection, and by distrust of Russian sympathies, the Austrian Government has vacillated between the two races; alternately patronizing or persecuting each, but never attempting to do justice between them or to reconcile them to each other. She has here, also, her reward. Neither race regards her with friendly feelings. If the Poles are at present ready to support her, it is only because for the moment they despair of Poland; while the Russians, who have for the last few years been the objects of suspicion and oppression, turn towards St. Petersburg much in the same way and with much the same feelings as the Irish are said to look across the Atlantic to the great Republic of the West. Their aspirations after a junction with the main body of their race, are known to have been long regarded with favour by the Government of the Czar. Only very recently there has been a considerable concentration of troops in Poland near the Austrian frontier; while the Russian press has been allowed—we should, perhaps, rather say invited—to denounce in the strongest way the recent appointment of a Pole to the government of Galicia, and to inveigh vehemently against philo-Polish principles, on which it is assumed that he will act. The Northern statesmen have never forgotten nor forgiven the conduct of Francis Joseph during the Crimean war. If the Austrian empire, with its large Slavonic population, should at last break up, some rich pieces of wreck must float in their direction. Under these circumstances, it is not unlikely that they may be tempted to accelerate so profitable a catastrophe, and at the same time to carry out a long-nourished purpose of revenge. No moment could be more favourable to the execution of such a design, for Austria has not an ally in the world, and not even the Powers which might most regret the aggrandisement of Russia, would undertake the desperate task of maintaining the integrity of an empire which is crumbling to pieces from internal convulsion and decay.

THE ISOLATION OF SPAIN.

It seems impossible to imagine that England or our statesmen ever took much interest in the affairs of Spain; yet from the War of the Succession till long after the accession of Isabella, there was no portion of foreign affairs more persistently attended to. Long before the former period, indeed, England was constantly in relations of the most critical kind with the country from which the Armada issued forth to menace her power with destruction; and when the fires of religious animosity had faded into embers, there was still heat and sting enough in them to aggravate greatly the less virulent disputes which subsequently provoked the passions of the two kingdoms. We trace strong English feeling through the history of these events. The War of the Succession, the Treaty of Utrecht, the presence of French Bourbons on the Spanish throne, the arrangement made as to the succession under Louis XV., were all circumstances that occupied in the English mind a prominence such as we can scarcely now imagine them to have had. Then came the break between Great Britain and the United States, and it did not escape notice that Spain joined with France in supporting the revolted colonies. Thus Spain was still kept in mind, soon to fill a larger space in the considerations and passions of Englishmen in consequence of the invasion of its territory by the great Emperor Napoleon. Now, however, the feeling changed. The Peninsula was selected as the battle-ground of the anti-Napoleonic war, and the Spaniards, never before regarded with common friendliness, took rank as patriots. The First Empire disposed of, Spain continued under the protection of the great Powers. But France adheres to many of her traditions, whatever may be the changes of her government. Indeed, it was shrewdly remarked by an American writer, that in order to regard Spain differently, the Frenchman must make a revolution in himself—"the only revolution he is unwilling to attempt." As soon as the Peninsular war was over, and the French Government had been consolidated, the fixed policy of extending French influence in Spain was promptly reverted to and spiritedly persisted in; nor was the British Government behindhand in resisting French influence according to its traditions. All these memoranda of the faded past seem now as foolish as old love letters; but the Spanish question was in those days as grave as any other that could occupy our statesmen; and after the accession of Louis Philippe the position of affairs became peculiarly complicated by the fact that events in Spain drew forth Liberal sympathies in England; while the Orleans Government, which had also enjoyed sympathies of the same tinge, figured plainly, though not prominently, as friends of Queen Christina, who had been deposed, and as hostile, if not to Queen Isabella, at least to the Regency, which, under popular auspices and on popular principles, had been established under Espartero. This distinguished representative of the popular cause in Spain was called head of the "English party;" while those who denominated themselves Moderates, and who allied themselves with Christina, were usually spoken of as the "French party." Nor was Espartero at all reserved in his expressions of adhesion to this country and its ideas. He announced that his inclinations and opinions were, and ever had been, in favour of a close alliance with England; and that he depended on the friendship of this country more than upon any other extraneous support. But we find in the relations of this country with Spain much of that dualism which often exists in reference to foreign affairs. The popular sentiment has one bias, the endeavours of statesmen another. While the English people were sympathizing with the growth of Spanish Liberalism under Isabella, the statesmen of England were thinking chiefly of the old bugbear of French preponderance. Even Sir Robert Peel, whom young politicians suppose to have been always occupied with much more substantial business, was bent upon destroying French influence in Spain, and was in favour of seeking the co-operation of the three great Powers which had never even acknowledged Queen Isabella. Lord Palmerston, when he resumed the sway of foreign affairs, pursued the policy of opposition to France with equal determination but more tact, and there is no reason to suppose that even to this day any express reversal of our tradition has been registered at the Foreign Office. And yet our interest in Spain has declined, our influence on her affairs is almost *nil*, she has passed out of the scope of our policy. We scarcely advise her, and we should have little expectation of any advice we gave her being followed. We do not believe in French influence being much more powerful than our own, and the general impression with reference to Spain is one of isolation as well as degeneracy. It is not uninteresting to inquire how this change came about, and the reply to this question is the more remarkable because the

cessation of our interest in Spanish affairs dates almost exactly from the time when she took so great a leap forward, that it was even proposed by sanguine enthusiasts that she should be forthwith included among the great Powers of Europe.

Doubtless, the general progress of non-intervention theories would have done much in any case to alter the aspect of our diplomatic relations with Spain, and the rapid degeneracy of Isabella's once popular government was entirely effectual in alienating from her the sympathies of the British nation. But the crisis of severance was brought on by the sudden success of O'Donnell, who pushed the military fortunes of his country in Morocco, and by the consequent prestige with which Spain at the outset entered upon the business of settling the Mexican difficulties. The position taken by Spain at that time was so new and remarkable that France and England dealt with her as it were on even terms. She and England withdrew together from the imbroglio out of which the Emperor has not yet extricated himself, and for some little time the dignity she had acquired remained to her. In that interval anything like protective relations ceased between the Spanish crown and the English and French Governments; and in the same interval began a series of incidents, which revived, with aggravations, the worst memories of Isabella's former years. The Government which had suddenly appeared too strong to need help became too corrupt to be touched. O'Donnell, himself no Liberal, was replaced by Ministers of the traditional Spanish type—a type too common under all Spanish dynasties, and long well known even under the supposed Liberal *régime* of Queen Isabella. Her Majesty gave herself up more than ever to the delights which had so often consoled her under the burthensome pomps of state. She was surrounded by priests and nuns, and her government became more than ever the embodiment of prejudice and superstition. Every device of tyranny that could degrade the people was resorted to by the Ministers. Administrators steeped to the lips in the spirit of absolutism, and practised in all the vexatious minutiae of despotic rule, applied themselves with the encouragement of their superiors to the fabrication of engines of useless interference with individual liberty, and to the suppression of every institution that could tend to the freedom of the people. Not only was the press reduced to a mere name by irritating and hampering regulations, but all foreign newspapers that ever had spoken unfavourably of the Government, have been resolutely excluded from the kingdom. The gaols are so full as literally to be incapable of holding more prisoners. A spirit of terror pervades every large community in the country; and on all sides, amongst all classes, the names of the Queen and her Ministers are absolutely detested. The latest exhibition of tyranny is the most contemptible, and yet the most daring of any; for the Government have not hesitated to upset the whole municipal system of the country, by displacing the members of the town councils, on the ground that many of the present members are engaged in conspiracies against the Government. A more impudent stretch of authority, or one for which there are fewer precedents, could not be named. If the Spaniards submit to this, they must indeed be base. But it is only as a subject of ordinary interest that Englishmen can regard the present condition of the Spanish kingdom. Wherever else we may intervene, Spain will never tempt us to fire a shot. Even our sympathies have been extinguished by the iniquity of the Government, and the infinite baseness of the people. M. Guizot once complained that our Spanish policy was "obstinately retrospective." We have now no Spanish policy, retrospective or otherwise. If there is any obstinacy about us in reference to Spain, it will probably consist in absolutely looking in another direction when there is any likelihood of having to meet so damaged and so unpleasant an acquaintance.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

THERE are few subjects of more importance at the present time than that of the relations between Great Britain and her colonies. We are all proud, and we have a right to be proud, of our many and thriving dependencies. We never hear without a thrill of satisfaction any allusion to the empire "on which the sun never sets;" and it is our favourite boast that England is "the mother of great nations." But we have, nevertheless, of late begun to perceive that this subject has a practical as well as a sentimental side. In spite of our tendency to self-glorification at the spectacle of our own vastness, doubts have crept in whether the empire would not be stronger if it were less extended; nor are we by any means so certain as we used to be that it is either for our own interest or

that of our colonial progeny that we should keep them permanently in the nursery, and take upon ourselves the perpetual discharge of maternal duties. The colonies have themselves been mainly instrumental in forcing this view of the matter upon us, nor do we blame them for it. As they have grown strong, they have insisted on self-government. As their interests have become developed, they have set up a policy of their own, and have insisted on adhering to it, whether we liked it or not. While setting our remonstrances at defiance, and taxing our trade, they have left us only the costly honour of paying for their defence, and the doubtful advantage of bearing the responsibility without the power of governing them. So long as we are at peace, we might be content to let matters take their course rather than incur the unpleasantness of a rupture with those who are still linked to us by ties of friendship and affection. But, in the present state of the world, it is by no means certain that we shall always or even for any long period keep out of war. And, in that event, it is impossible not to ask ourselves whether our resources would stand the enormous strain of defending against an active enemy all the outlying settlements which would be exposed to attack. It is equally impossible not to ask whether our colonies would bear with patience or equanimity the inconveniences to which they might be subjected in the course of a conflict waged between England and some European or American Power, in which they had not the slightest concern. Nor can we help seeing that, in one quarter at least, the danger of such a conflict arises mainly from our nominal possession of colonies which are practically independent, and from which we derive no other advantage than would equally accrue to us from trading with them as an independent Power, or even as a part of some neighbouring State. Apart, too, from our interest in severing a connection which is as often embarrassing as profitable, there is reason to doubt whether our larger colonies would not be benefited by taking on themselves the full burthens, and performing for themselves all the functions, of complete national life. The general set of public opinion amongst us has certainly of recent years been favourable to the idea of encouraging our dependencies—except such as we hold for strategic purposes—to look forward to the time when they may become independent; and in that opinion we thoroughly concur. It is, in fact, mainly owing to a conviction that that is the natural and the true destiny of our colonies that the scheme of a Confederation of the British North American Provinces has found so much favour in this country. Rightly or wrongly, we see in it an organization which may grow into a State capable of defending itself, and of maintaining its integrity as an American Power; and for that reason we listen somewhat impatiently to the objections which the maritime provinces urge against it.

That there are practical difficulties in the way of carrying it out we are well aware; but these are utterly insignificant in comparison with those which would attend the execution of a plan for the organization of the British Empire, which is propounded by the Hon. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia—one of the most able and active opponents of the union between his own province and Canada. We are, indeed, at issue with Mr. Howe on first principles. According to him "the idea (of the relation between the mother country and the colonies) to be cultivated, instead of that of a parental relation, with its inevitable termination at the close of a very limited period, should rather be that of a partnership, which may last for centuries, and need not terminate at all, so long as it is mutually advantageous." But how is it possible to regard England and her colonies as partners? They are not embarked—so to speak—in the same business. They form parts of different territorial systems; the interests of one are not the interests of another; the risks are unequally divided amongst them; and the effect of establishing a permanent, mutual assurance society amongst them must be to confer an immense advantage upon those most exposed to danger, at the cost of those least exposed. It is idle to talk of the general interests of an abstraction like the British Empire, when it is evident that hardly any conceivable case could occur in which it would be for the advantage of more than one partner in the firm to go to war. What, for instance, could the Australians or New Zealanders gain by binding themselves to take part in any quarrel between England and Russia about the Eastern question? or any conflict between Canada and the United States in reference to the right of fishery in the St. Lawrence? We are aware that they are at present exposed to the consequences of such events, and we are only surprised that they should be content to run the risk. But, unless they are entirely destitute of common sense, they would never consent to enter, as Mr. Howe would have them do, as "partners" into a permanent

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We think it would have been better for Dr. Newman's reputation if the Bishop of Birmingham had not requested the clergy of his diocese to instruct the faithful on their obligations to the Holy See, and on the duty especially incumbent on them at this time of praying for the Pope. The sermon preached in answer to this request is, indeed, remarkable. Like all Dr. Newman's sermons, it is at once clear and subtle; it contains passages of much eloquence, and the power of its thought is sometimes half-disguised by its mastery of language. But the impression it must leave on impartial minds is that the author fell into a great mistake when he treated his subject as a religious one, and that throughout he is nearly conscious of his error. We observe him wavering between the facts of the case and the necessity of ignoring them, between the political view of a purely political question and the attempt to make the question religious by taking a religious view of it; and the result is that his contradictions are fatal to his argument, and his admissions are fatal to his theory; while the very subtlety for which we give him credit is overstrained in itself, and over-suggestive to his opponents. These are not faults into which Dr. Newman usually falls. He is generally most careful to avoid them. In most of his writings, however much we may differ from him at the outset, however reluctant we may be to grant his premises, we are constantly led to grant the greater part of them, and then find it impossible, without retracting our assent, to strive against his conclusions. But in this sermon he makes no such demand upon us. He asks nothing, he assumes everything. Yet he soon shows that he is not used to this kind of reasoning, from which Dr. Manning derives such triumphs, and that unlimited assumption, instead of letting him throw off the burden of logic, deprives him of logic's aid. Dr. Newman's own words almost suffice to prove this. But we cannot afford space for mere quotation, and quotations from a sermon would be out of place in a professedly secular journal. So far as Dr. Newman's sermon consists of an appeal to his congregation for their prayers, we must leave it to plead its own cause. When, however, it gives reasons for such a pious exercise on behalf of the Pope as King of Rome, we may claim to judge those reasons as coming within the sphere of politics, and as affecting all human principles of right and justice.

No one will doubt Dr. Newman's sincerity on such points as the personal goodness of the Pope, and the superhuman intelligence by which the Government of the Church is guided. All who have observed recent events in England and Germany, especially recent events in Dr. Newman's own life, will applaud the wisdom of the remark that, "Even in secular matters, it is ever safe to be on the Pope's side; dangerous to be on the side of his enemies." But we fear some will be malicious enough to ascribe this whole sermon to a wish for that sort of safety. Some will think that Dr. Newman dwells on the Pope's personal character, in order that he may pass over the character of his Government. It is, probably, safe to remind English Catholics of their obligations to the Pope as head of the Church, and to beg them not to let their gratitude succumb to any grievances of the Italians. But when this reasonable gratitude of English Catholics is to weigh, not with heaven, but with Europe—when the expression of sympathy is not to cheer the Pope, but to shake Napoleon—we may surely ask why a kindly man is to be maintained in a post for which he is unfit, and why his benefits to the oratory are to perpetuate his rule over an unwilling people. Dr. Newman himself yields this to us when he exclaims, "Who can force a sovereign on a people which deliberately rejects him?" He yields even more when he tells his congregation to pray that the Romans may no longer need to be kept down by foreign troops. But why do they need it? Who imposed on them such a necessity? Does the safety of adjoining countries, or the peace of Europe, or their own real welfare, demand their sacrifice? If Dr. Newman could prove this—if he even maintained it, there would be a new ground of argument. He says, indeed, that Rome will be nothing without the Popes; that she will either keep them willingly, or pray for their return. But, if so, let us try the experiment. Rome is perfectly willing to try it. Who is opposed to it? Perhaps the millions who, in Dr. Newman's own words, "*care nothing for the Romans who happen to live there, and much for the martyred apostles who so long have lain buried there.*" Of course, if these millions insist on living Romans being sacrificed to a dead sentiment, things must have their course; but we hope the millions will place the question on a proper footing, and admit that they do not serve God, but Juggernaut.

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cessation of our interest in Spanish affairs dates almost exactly from the time when she took so great a leap forward, that it was even proposed by sanguine enthusiasts that she should be forthwith included among the great Powers of Europe.

Doubtless, the general progress of non-intervention theories would have done much in any case to alter the aspect of our diplomatic relations with Spain, and the rapid degeneracy of Isabella's once popular government was entirely effectual in alienating from her the sympathies of the British nation. But the crisis of severance was brought on by the sudden success of O'Donnell, who pushed the military fortunes of his country in Morocco, and by the consequent prestige with which Spain at the outset entered upon the business of settling the Mexican difficulties. The position taken by Spain at that time was so new and remarkable that France and England dealt with her as it were on even terms. She and England withdrew together from the imbroglio out of which the Emperor has not yet extricated himself, and for some little time the dignity she had acquired remained to her. In that interval anything like protective relations ceased between the Spanish crown and the English and French Governments; and in the same interval began a series of incidents, which revived, with aggravations, the worst memories of Isabella's former years. The Government which had suddenly appeared too strong to need help became too corrupt to be touched. O'Donnell, himself no Liberal, was replaced by Ministers of the traditional Spanish type—a type too common under all Spanish dynasties, and long well known even under the supposed Liberal *régime* of Queen Isabella. Her Majesty gave herself up more than ever to the delights which had so often consoled her under the burthensome pomps of state. She was surrounded by priests and nuns, and her government became more than ever the embodiment of prejudice and superstition. Every device of tyranny that could degrade the people was resorted to by the Ministers. Administrators steeped to the lips in the spirit of absolutism, and practised in all the vexatious minutiae of despotic rule, applied themselves with the encouragement of their superiors to the fabrication of engines of useless interference with individual liberty, and to the suppression of every institution that could tend to the freedom of the people. Not only was the press reduced to a mere name by irritating and hampering regulations, but all foreign newspapers that ever had spoken unfavourably of the Government, have been resolutely excluded from the kingdom. The gaols are so full as literally to be incapable of holding more prisoners. A spirit of terror pervades every large community in the country; and on all sides, amongst all classes, the names of the Queen and her Ministers are absolutely detested. The latest exhibition of tyranny is the most contemptible, and yet the most daring of any; for the Government have not hesitated to upset the whole municipal system of the country, by displacing the members of the town councils, on the ground that many of the present members are engaged in conspiracies against the Government. A more impudent stretch of authority, or one for which there are fewer precedents, could not be named. If the Spaniards submit to this, they must indeed be base. But it is only as a subject of ordinary interest that Englishmen can regard the present condition of the Spanish kingdom. Wherever else we may intervene, Spain will never tempt us to fire a shot. Even our sympathies have been extinguished by the iniquity of the Government, and the infinite baseness of the people. M. Guizot once complained that our Spanish policy was "obstinately retrospective." We have now no Spanish policy, retrospective or otherwise. If there is any obstinacy about us in reference to Spain, it will probably consist in absolutely looking in another direction when there is any likelihood of having to meet so damaged and so unpleasant an acquaintance.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

THERE are few subjects of more importance at the present time than that of the relations between Great Britain and her colonies. We are all proud, and we have a right to be proud, of our many and thriving dependencies. We never hear without a thrill of satisfaction any allusion to the empire "on which the sun never sets;" and it is our favourite boast that England is "the mother of great nations." But we have, nevertheless, of late begun to perceive that this subject has a practical as well as a sentimental side. In spite of our tendency to self-glorification at the spectacle of our own vastness, doubts have crept in whether the empire would not be stronger if it were less extended; nor are we by any means so certain as we used to be that it is either for our own interest or

that of our colonial progeny that we should keep them permanently in the nursery, and take upon ourselves the perpetual discharge of maternal duties. The colonies have themselves been mainly instrumental in forcing this view of the matter upon us, nor do we blame them for it. As they have grown strong, they have insisted on self-government. As their interests have become developed, they have set up a policy of their own, and have insisted on adhering to it, whether we liked it or not. While setting our remonstrances at defiance, and taxing our trade, they have left us only the costly honour of paying for their defence, and the doubtful advantage of bearing the responsibility without the power of governing them. So long as we are at peace, we might be content to let matters take their course rather than incur the unpleasantness of a rupture with those who are still linked to us by ties of friendship and affection. But, in the present state of the world, it is by no means certain that we shall always or even for any long period keep out of war. And, in that event, it is impossible not to ask ourselves whether our resources would stand the enormous strain of defending against an active enemy all the outlying settlements which would be exposed to attack. It is equally impossible not to ask whether our colonies would bear with patience or equanimity the inconveniences to which they might be subjected in the course of a conflict waged between England and some European or American Power, in which they had not the slightest concern. Nor can we help seeing that, in one quarter at least, the danger of such a conflict arises mainly from our nominal possession of colonies which are practically independent, and from which we derive no other advantage than would equally accrue to us from trading with them as an independent Power, or even as a part of some neighbouring State. Apart, too, from our interest in severing a connection which is as often embarrassing as profitable, there is reason to doubt whether our larger colonies would not be benefited by taking on themselves the full burthens, and performing for themselves all the functions, of complete national life. The general set of public opinion amongst us has certainly of recent years been favourable to the idea of encouraging our dependencies—except such as we hold for strategic purposes—to look forward to the time when they may become independent; and in that opinion we thoroughly concur. It is, in fact, mainly owing to a conviction that that is the natural and the true destiny of our colonies that the scheme of a Confederation of the British North American Provinces has found so much favour in this country. Rightly or wrongly, we see in it an organization which may grow into a State capable of defending itself, and of maintaining its integrity as an American Power; and for that reason we listen somewhat impatiently to the objections which the maritime provinces urge against it.

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The words which we have italicised form one of Dr. Newman's

most fatal admissions. But there are others no less significant. It is the duty of a preacher to attribute everything which impresses him unfavourably to the devil, and Dr. Newman makes that spirit answerable for all the existing hostility to the temporal power. Yet, after stating that a hatred of the Catholic religion is at the bottom of the revolution, and that progress often means apostasy, he allows that there are "sincere Catholics so dissatisfied with things as they were in Italy, as they are in Rome, that they are brought to think no social change can be for the worse." He does not pretend, he adds, to answer political and secular objections; he has only to view the matter religiously. But he forgets that these objections have been made by those who belonged to his own creed, and looked at things from his own religious point of view. Dr. Dollinger, who agrees with him in esteem of the Pope's personal character, and who holds with him that the Romans would pray for the return of the Popes, long since proclaimed that the Papal government as it exists is absolutely bad, that for the last forty years it has been the Achilles-heel of the Catholic Church, and that it must either mend its ways or be driven out of them. Dr. Newman asserts here that the present confusion does not arise from any refusal of the Pope to put his administration on a new footing. Yet he must know that the present danger springs from the approaching departure of the French troops. He must know that the French troops are withdrawn because the Pope refused to listen to Napoleon's suggestions of reform. Had the Pope granted these urgent requests, we see no limit to the French tenure of Rome but the cessation of disturbance and the growth of general content. Dr. Newman might find in very many books that the complaints of the Roman people are not summed up in their want of progress and temporal prosperity. He seems to argue as if the Pope's government secured his subjects admission to heaven, and as if their discontent arose from their preference of this world. He goes into an elaborate comparison of the Israelites under the Divine government with the Romans under the Papal government; tells us that both nations are equally stiffnecked, and both are sinning against light; reminds us that the temporal power is not a theocracy, but that the Israelites were governed by God himself; and would bring us to the conclusion that the rejection of a good government and of a bad one are equally sinful; that because the Israelites were discontented without cause, the Romans cannot have any cause for discontent; and that because the rule of God himself did not secure peace and prosperity, the Pope ought not to be condemned for making no attempt at either. Then he proceeds to argue that temporal prosperity is not the greatest of goods, and that it is better to be Lazarus in this world than Dives in the next. Yet, granting this, is it right for a government to give all its subjects the opportunity of emulating Lazarus, in the hope that beggary will always lead to Abraham's bosom? Here, indeed, the Papal government has not failed in its duties; but the question is not whether the possession of heaven is the greatest of goods, but whether it is the end of government.

Looking at any other country than Italy, and any other part of Italy than the States of the Church, Dr. Newman would be the first to maintain the principles which he will now be quoted as opposing. It is because he will be quoted as a defender of the Pope's government, and because it is impossible to tell whether he will accept that position heartily or regret his having been forced into it, that we have reluctantly formed our views of his sermon. Every page makes us hesitate; every sentence has a double meaning. When he tells his congregation to pray for the retention of the Papal government, he adds, "God will give us what we ask, or He will give us something better." When he censures the "so-called Reformation," and sneers at its "harmless evidence," he draws a moral opposed to his own words, and contrasts the enmity of the Italians, into whom Protestantism has not entered, with the loyalty of Protestant England. When he quotes the Bishop of Birmingham's abuse of Italian statesmen, he disarms both abuse and argument by adding, "In so brave, intelligent, vigorous-minded a race as the Italians, and in the nineteenth century, not the sixteenth, and in the absence of any formal protest of classes or places, the act of the rulers is the act of the people." In such passages as these we can hardly fail to see the real man, John Henry Newman, not the preacher appointed for Rosary Sunday. And when we catch sight of the real man we cannot but recall the words he uttered in another sermon—words which every reader of "The Pope and the Revolution" should keep before him—"The Church refuses the gifts of this world, but these gifts come to her unbidden. Power, and influence, and credit, and authority, and wealth, flow in to her because she does not seek for them: she has, because she does not seek; but let her seek, and she loses them. She cannot

help the accumulation of worldly goods except by seeking them, except by showing anxiety about them. Men aim at robbing her of them when they see that she prizes them. They envy her them when she makes much of them." What, then, will be the answer when she prays for them?

MR. SWINBURNE'S DEFENCE.

WHEN a man finds it necessary to do a thing which, as a matter of taste, he might be disinclined to do, it is no very difficult task to discover an excuse to save appearances. There is always some friend to supply the necessary pressure, and to force the reluctant individual on to the path which he perceives he should enter, yet is personally disinclined to explore. We will do Mr. Swinburne the justice to believe he has really felt that some public apology, or at least some explanation, was required from him in consideration of the gross outrages on public decency contained in his last volume of poems. Yet there is that in his writings which assures us that to make any sort of concession, to any one, on any point, must go strongly against his spirit. Nevertheless, in the little pamphlet which he has just published under the title of "Notes on Poems and Reviews," he has condescended to answer the remarks made in several journals—our own included—on his "Poems and Ballads." He starts by saying that it is "by no wish of his own" that he undertakes such a task; that he "stoops" to it; and that he would a good deal rather let his critics pass without notice, and "say out their say unheeded." But he has to consider the feelings of his new publisher, and, in recognition of that gentleman's fair dealing in the matter, he feels bound to accede to his wishes, and to those of friends whose advice he values, and to make some reply to the charges that have been brought against him—"as far," he adds, "as I understand them." This, he expressly states, is done on his publisher's account, not on his own. It would have been more dignified and courageous to make his replication without this preliminary flourish, which is a very old and stale device for securing the advantage of a retort while preserving an aspect of utter indifference to the censures which have really wrung forth the cry of anger or defiance. A man of Mr. Swinburne's power and genius should hardly have slunk behind a pretence which is very much of a piece with the poetaster's "request of friends" in the preface to his rickety verses. Nor does the statement that he has consented to "reply" to his censors cohere with that which immediately precedes it, that he has nothing to offer "by way of apology or vindication, of answer or appeal." He has not, indeed, "appealed" to any principle, for we know not to what he *could* appeal. But, after a fashion, he has answered the objections of his critics, and he has certainly attempted something in the way of vindication and apology. Apology, vindication, and answer, are all, in our opinion, equally futile; but we cannot allow Mr. Swinburne to enter the lists, and at the same time affect to treat his adversaries as below his notice. The sneer, too, about answering the charges "as far as he understands them," is idle, for it is evident that he understands them well enough; while such easily-grown flowers of rhetoric as—"that full-fledged phoenix, the 'virtue' of professional pressmen, rises chuckling and crowing from the dunghill, its birthplace and its deathbed"—"the virulent virtue of pressmen and prostitutes"—"backbiters and imbeciles," &c.—only show that Mr. Swinburne feels he has been hit very hard, and has lost his temper in consequence. As regards his treatment of ourselves, however, we have no cause of complaint. He singles out our criticism of his "Poems and Ballads" as the work of "an enemy," but of "a gentleman," and he addresses his reclamation to us, rather than to our brother critics, because the review which appeared in our impression of August 4th, "neither contains nor suggests anything false or filthy." In what we have further to say on this unhappy subject, we hope to preserve the same mood and temper; but we cannot the less emphatically express our opinion that Mr. Swinburne has not purged himself of his original offence by the publication of this pamphlet. Not because we are his "enemies," but because we are his friends—the friends of his genius, of his prospective fame, and of the sanity of his art—do we speak thus sternly of what is no less suicidal than abhorrent; and when his flatterers are equally his friends, we will gladly share with them that title.

Mr. Swinburne says that we have described two of his poems—"Anactoria" and "Dolores"—as "especially horrible;" and he objects to the phrase as "somewhat inexpressive." It may be so, but, to speak frankly, there are some puddles which we do not care to stir up. We are thus, no doubt,

placed at a disadvantage, since Mr. Swinburne allows himself a latitude of conception and of statement, from which, by the very terms of our quarrel, we are precluded. We are not sure that he is not justified in bringing a charge of hypocrisy against some of his critics, who, while expressing their horror of these poems, have very ingeniously contrived to pick out all the worst lines and phrases, so as to convey a complete idea of the moral corruption over which they shudder. This we have not done, and shall not do. Our "inexpressiveness" was intentional, and will be preserved, with all its advantages and disadvantages. But, with respect to "Anactoria," we are at liberty to encounter the argument of Mr. Swinburne, that he cannot be blamed for writing that poem because it is based on the celebrated Second Ode of Sappho. Now, we all know very well the nature of that Ode, and it is preposterous to allege in defence of a modern poem that it is written in the spirit of that ecstasy of insane passion. Such a plea only makes the offence worse, as it still more clearly shows what was the living author's intention and leading idea in the composition of his poem. In God's name—or, if that seem to Mr. Swinburne a superstitious adjuration, in the name of plain human reason and sense—what is the use of searching for the materials of poetry in the morbidities of the hospital and the eccentricities of the madhouse? Grant that Sappho made a wonderful poem out of a grievous aberration; is that any reason why a modern Englishman should seek to rival her in her Bedlam flights of eroticism? Mr. Swinburne says he despaired of translating the original, and, being disturbed that such a marvellous revelation of mental and moral disease should be lost to English poetry, he "tried instead to reproduce in a diluted and dilated form the spirit of a poem which could not be reproduced in the body." Now, this very "dilution" increases the evil. Sappho's Ode is at any rate short, sharp, and sudden, and may be supposed (which is the greatest excuse that can be made for it) to have been wrung from her during an interval of hysterical emotion. It bursts out, wild, quivering, and involuntary, and is straightway silent for ever. On the other hand, the author of "Atalanta in Calydon," without even the palliation of a suffering however abnormal, or a desire however demented, deliberately sits down, and produces in cold blood an elaborate study of diseased passion. What Sappho has dismissed in the briefest form, Mr. Swinburne expands into a poem of 305 lines. His production is really far worse than its prototype, because it is more self-conscious, mingling the intellect with the senses in a vicious union. Where the Lesbian simply cried out with an intolerable and monstrous pain, Mr. Swinburne investigates with a literary zest. He analyses, he curiously inquires, he tastes, he lingers round every detail, he contemplates his case of morbid anatomy from every conceivable point of view; he exhausts the language of wantonness, and recruits himself in a riot of blasphemy. The latter, indeed, is an offence of which poor Sappho herself seems never to have been guilty, and it is therefore a perfectly gratuitous addition by Mr. Swinburne from his own mental stock. As regards his blasphemies, by the way, he seeks a refuge which will not avail him. He refers to the writings of Shelley, and more particularly to the "Queen Mab." The reference is unfortunate. In the first place, Shelley, in his riper years, repudiated that poem, and sought an injunction in Chancery against its surreptitious publication; in the second place, Shelley's opposition to established dogmas was undertaken with a grave and serious purpose, in the excellence of which there can be no doubt that he sincerely and devotedly believed. Whether he was right or wrong is nothing to the present argument. He had persuaded himself that the miseries of the world were mainly owing to certain opinions in religion and morals, and he came forward as a reformer, to challenge those opinions, and to supplant them, if he could, with others which he regarded as more reasonable. Mr. Swinburne does nothing of the sort. He gives the service of his genius to no scheme, whether true or false, whether practicable or Quixotic, for the emancipation of mankind; he does not question any system of faith or morals, be it good or bad; he simply raves and curses. This is not only shocking; it is silly and boyish, because purposeless. The example of Shelley will serve him equally little in other matters. The poet of the "Cenci" may have allowed himself sometimes a questionable license in moral casuistry; but he observed limits over which Mr. Swinburne passes with jaunty indifference. Yet we are not to blame the latter, because he tells us, with reference to "Anactoria," that there is not "an unclean detail" or "an obscene allusion" in the whole poem—as if the corruption in such matters lay in words, not in ideas. Mr. Swinburne excuses himself much as Dryden's friend, Walsh, excuses Virgil for his second Pastoral—on the

ground that "there is not one immodest word" from beginning to end. Yet Byron, no stickler at trifles, and in "Don Juan" too, no milk-and-water poem, describes that Pastoral as "horrid," and in the very same stanza speaks of Sappho's Ode as not being "a good example" of ancient morals. Mr. Swinburne cannot get even Byron to keep him company; yet he boasts of a moral purpose in his "Anactorias" and "Faustines," his "Dolores" and "Fragolettas," because he exhibits the fierceness and the despair of illicit and abominable viciousness. The same thing might be said of any indecent writing; it has in fact been urged in extenuation of Petronius Arbiter. But it is not valid. A warmly-coloured exhibition of brutality, glowing and flushing with all the allurements of poetry, is of strength sufficient to burn up any little moral that may be hidden about it, if in fact there be a moral there at all. Those who do not stand in need of the moral will not care for the picture; those who like the picture will contrive to overlook the moral. The plea of morality is idle and disingenuous. It is the excuse of the quack doctor and the anatomical museum.

Another of Mr. Swinburne's chief grounds of defence is that his book is "dramatic, many-faced, multifarious," and that "no utterance of enjoyment or despair, belief or unbelief, can properly be assumed as the assertion of its author's personal feeling or faith." That is to say, his subjects being such and such, he is obliged to shape his language in accordance with them. Of course, this is a plain rule of art; but why select such subjects? Boccaccio and Chaucer made similar excuses for similar (though much milder) offences; but Dryden, in the Preface to his "Fables," when renouncing in his old age the literary sins of his youth, very acutely remarks:—"If a man should have inquired of Boccaccio, or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very undecent to be heard, I know not what answer they could have made. For that reason, such tale shall be left untold by me." Nor can we admit much pertinence in the argument that these objectionable poems of Mr. Swinburne are "dramatic." They are dramatic, no doubt, inasmuch as they assume a character; but they are not dramatic in any perfect sense, because they only represent one section of a story. And this intensifies the evil that is in them. In a drama, properly so called, there is a complete evolution of character and of events, which does not permit of the mind dwelling wholly upon one idea, and considering merely one side of passion. The great round of human nature is traversed, and even exceptional vice may be much more safely touched on, because it appears as exceptional, and not as all-in-all, and because it is associated with the faces of the gods of suffering and awe. Mr. Swinburne, however, isolates his instances of corruption, and forces us to the solitary contemplation of monstrosities. At least, he does so in his latest volume. In "Atalanta" and in "Chastelard" there were some questionable passages, but they were overborne by the power and pathos, lost in the many-sidedness, of the stories with which they were connected. Accordingly, we passed them over with but slight remark. The case is different in the "Poems and Ballads." When we find a man repeatedly selecting abnormal immoralities and aimless blasphemies as the subjects of elaborate poetical treatment, we must be excused for fearing that there is something congenial to his mind in the train of ideas he so frequently conjures up. Mr. Swinburne protests against all literature being rendered fit for the nursery or the young ladies' schoolroom. We would join in the protest, if we knew of any one who made the demand. Let Mr. Swinburne write for men as long as he pleases. But there are times when it would almost seem as if he were ambitious of being the favourite poet and beloved pocket companion of prematurely depraved boys.

THE NOWGONG TEA COMPANY.

THE appetite for commercial scandals has been so surfeited of late years by a superabundance of supplies, that it now takes a very highly-spiced dish indeed to rouse it. The times have been when the country from one end to the other would be thrown into a fever of excitement if the treasurer of a savings bank levanted with eight or ten thousand pounds of the depositors' money, or if a pious banker, like poor Sir John Dean Paul, pledged the securities of his customers. People read and re-read the account of these frauds, and could hardly believe their senses that such iniquities were possible. But the days of our simplicity have long been at an end. We wonder at nothing now. If our fortunes are embarked in shares of any kind, we move about the world with the resignation

of men with whom it is an article of faith that, commercially speaking, in the midst of life they are in death; and that their prosperity, like themselves, may be here to-day and gone to-morrow. There is positively no relying on any of the old guarantees of safety. Social position will fail you, character will fail you, piety is still less to be trusted, and the appearance of wealth and stability may turn out after all to be only a whited sepulchre. Therefore, when that joint-stock bank which was to shed the rays of increased affluence over every home, no matter how humble, which had the wisdom to invest its savings in it, comes down with a run and spreads wailing and desolation amongst its clients, we are not surprised. Nor does it one bit astonish us if we find that this havoc has been the result either of downright swindling, as in the case of the Royal British Bank, or of the grossest stupidity and neglect, as in the case of the Unity Bank. We know that somewhere or other, in the vast majority of these speculations, there are adventurers who fear neither God nor man, and whose sole rule of life is, *per fas aut nefas*, to get money. Still, though we wonder no more, we are attracted by an irresistible curiosity to the investigation of these cases. Just as in a novel we pursue with interest the progress of the old, old story, which in one form or other we have read a hundred times before, so when a great company comes to grief we follow the story of its origin, development, and crash: if only for the amusement it affords us to see that the stupidities as well as the passions of mankind are eternal.

But stupidity will not account for every commercial mishap, and it would be an abuse of terms to apply it to the conduct of any of the parties concerned in the promotion and working of the Nowgong Tea Company. First amongst these parties comes Mr. George Richard Barry, M.P., whose influence on the affairs of the company seems to have been of such a permeating and pervading character that he crops up everywhere. He was the promoter of the company, which was to buy an estate in Assam of which he was part proprietor. He was chairman to the board of directors; he was a client of the company's solicitors; wherever the company had a servant, let him be secretary, agent, inspector, or what not, Mr. Barry, in some way or another, had an influence over him, so that the Committee of Investigation are fain to say in their report, that "in almost every department of the company's staff Mr. Barry had a friendly representative, while the company had none." We argue from this, that whatever might be the case with the other directors, Mr. Barry did not sin through stupidity. He knew very well what he was about. Together with Messrs. H. Phillips and Herriot, he owned certain tea estates in Assam, which were altogether too valuable a property for him to think of keeping them entirely to himself and his partners. Of the trio he appears to have been the literary genius, and he drew up a prospectus setting forth the enormous advantages of the thirteen estates; and stating that they comprised 12,000 acres of freehold land, of which 2,182 acres were already planted: some three years, some two, some one, some only just planted. The soil and the climate were second to none in the province; the factories had the advantage of being traversed by good roads; the plantations in the first year alone (1864-5) were calculated to yield 10 per cent. on the paid-up capital; and for all these advantages the price asked by the vendors was only £163,000, which was to be paid on terms which the directors considered to be most advantageous. If this was not enough to secure the confidence of the public, what was wanting? Just one delicate touch, and Mr. Barry's genius supplied it as follows:—The vendors, said the prospectus, "stipulate"—mark that word—"that 6,000 of the shares are to be allotted to them."

How Mr. Barry got himself to write all this, and whether he did so by first persuading himself that it might be true, and so on, till he came to the belief that it was true, we cannot say. It is certain, however, that, from first to last, as far as the tea estates are concerned, it was a bundle of misrepresentations. There is, indeed, reason to believe that he had some doubts about the fidelity of the flattering picture he had drawn. In the articles of association, about which the wary prospectus said nothing—another stroke of genius!—the description of the state of cultivation of the gardens differs materially from that of the prospectus. The latter spoke of 440 acres, which had been three years under cultivation; but the former spoke of them as "three years old, or in their third year;" and so with regard to the other portions, they were two years old, or in their second year—or they were one year old, or in their first year. As to the 6,000 shares which, in the prospectus Mr. Barry "stipulated" should be allotted to himself and his partners, the articles of association said not a word about them. But, in spite of these discrepancies, all

seems to have been going on swimmingly—the company was floated, shareholders were pouring in the welcome tide of their money, and Mr. George Richard Barry had received the first instalment of £15,000 of the purchase-money in cash,—when, on the 15th of March, 1865, he received from his co-vendor in India, Mr. Herriot, this telegram—"You must cancel the sale of our gardens. No cultivation so old as two years. None will be productive till next year." The man who dashes the cup from your lips, the waiter who runs off with your plate of curry before you have well tasted it, the scoundrel who leaves you a thousand pounds in the body of his will and revokes it in the codicil, is the only parallel of such an offender as this. Cancel the sale! Admit that that glowing prospectus was only a superior effort of a gifted imagination! Well, even that might have been faced, for the truth was sure to come out one day or other. But the adoption of Mr. Herriot's proposition involved an infinitely greater sacrifice on Mr. Barry's part. He must break up the company; he must refund the £15,000, and forego his prospect of the balance between that and the £163,000, at which he had sold the tea gardens. In this perilous position, if a doubt entered his mind as to the course he should pursue, it was not long before it was dissipated. He received Mr. Herriot's telegram on the 15th of March. On the 17th he telegraphed back as follows:—"Sale cannot be cancelled. The agreements are signed. Possession must be given." This was a bold stroke. But he did more than that. With the concurrence of a brother director, he actually instructed the secretary to telegraph to the agents in Calcutta to confirm this telegram; and this without thinking it necessary to pay the Board of Directors the compliment of bringing the matter before them!

It is true that he brought it to their knowledge subsequently at their next meeting; and—to show how correct is the statement of the Committee of Investigation that Mr. Barry had everywhere a friendly representative while the Company had none—they approved of what he had done. They were, indeed, wonderfully complaisant to their chairman, were these directors; for with or without their knowledge he appears to have done pretty nearly what he chose. On the 25th of December, 1865, the report of Mr. Phillipson, the Company's agent in the Newgong Estates, arrived in London. It was laid before the directors on the 5th of January, and was referred by them to a "Board Committee," composed of all the directors excepting Mr. Barry. One of the results of this reference was that the secretary was ordered to write to Mr. Barry a letter in which the Committee regretted much to find the great difference that existed between the ages of the plants as made over and that stated in the prospectus—"a difference so great as to alter the whole character of the scheme and prospects of the Company, and which, in their opinion, would justify the repudiating the bargain altogether." By whose authority the words within inverted commas were erased in the Board Committee's minute book does not distinctly appear. But if, as the secretary states, he erased them by authority of the directors, it would be interesting to know what induced them to reverse the very strong opinion which those words convey; and how it came that instead of repudiating their bargain with Mr. Barry, the directors actually made a new one with him, which at their general meeting in March last, they recommended to the adoption of the shareholders in the strongest terms and with the most reassuring statements. There were shareholders present at that meeting who moved amendments; one for the appointment of a committee to examine Mr. Phillipson's report in conjunction with the directors; and another that Mr. Phillipson's report should be printed and circulated. Both amendments the directors strenuously and successfully opposed, at the very moment when they were in possession of information which, had it been communicated to the shareholders, would have prevented them from assenting to the new arrangement with the vendors. Mr. Phillipson had told them that no plants had been put in the ground until November, 1863. He had told them that there was a great want of fixed or imported labour. He had warned them that he could not vouch for the accuracy of the statistics he gave them as to the extent of grants, acreage of cultivation, &c., as they were given him by the vendors, and he had no means of verifying them. And he had advised them that "it would be more satisfactory to engage a competent European surveyor to proceed from Calcutta and make a proper survey, than to rely on the statements of blundering native *ameens*, who seldom understand their instruments properly, and whose measurements and calculations are more frequently wrong than right." But this is not all. Prior to the general meeting on the 9th of March last they had still stronger warning to proceed cautiously, in a letter from their Calcutta agents, in which the latter, speaking of Phillipson's report, say—

"We are now very much afraid that it cannot be relied on as correct;" and specify one point at least upon which they regard it as not trustworthy, viz., "in regard to there being nurseries of any consequence." Yet, with this evidence in their hands, they laid before the general meeting a report hardly less flattering than the original prospectus. In this report, signed by Mr. Barry as chairman, the directors "believe that they may state with certainty" the following amongst other facts, viz.:—That the properties of the company are well situated, in a populous district, where labour will become every year more available; that they have been admirably well selected for the purpose of tea cultivation; that the varieties of the plant are the best possible; and that in a few months the property would not be inferior to any in Assam. Now, not one of these "facts" is true. The quality of the soil is inferior; the variety of the plant bad. The gardens are scattered over a wide extent of country, which renders their superintendence difficult and expensive. The area under cultivation, instead of being 2,182 acres, as the Barry prospectus stated, or even 1,727, to which Mr. Phillipson's report reduced it, turns out to be only 688 acres, or, making allowance for vacancies, 444. The company have already expended £40,000 upon it, and in the opinion of their present superintendent, they must spend £40,000 more on the gardens alone in the next two years. Even then, with favourable weather, the yield of tea will only be 900 maunds.

It is really to be hoped that this matter will not be allowed to rest here. Mr. Barry has, upon the strength of the grossest misrepresentations, received £15,000 in cash and £45,000 in debentures for estates about which there appears to be great doubt whether they can ever be cultivated with profit. If these things can be done with impunity by Members of Parliament, we shall either have to abolish our criminal law altogether, or admit that the gentlemen who make laws must have some special privileges for breaking them.

LORD HOUGHTON AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE Cambridge Union Debating Society has numbered amongst its members many whose after fame has even more than borne out the early promise made under its auspices, and within its somewhat dismal walls. Now that it has for the first time taken to itself a *bonâ fide* local habitation of its own, it is only natural that some great name should be selected from the list of its older members, and the orator thus chosen requested to deliver an inaugural address. Perhaps Lord Houghton was as wise a selection as the Society could make, in spite of his Ciceronian declaration that unless his youthful audience inspired him with some of the vigour and audacity of their youth, he could neither justify their choice, nor express his own gratitude. Of course, those who had heard him before, knew very well, and those who had not, soon learned, that his well-preserved vigour and natural audacity were quite equal to the occasion, or to any occasion. There were certain things which he was sure to say, which any one so placed and so circumstanced must have said. To recall with appropriate inflections of voice, according as they are dead or living, the early associates in concert or antagonism with whom he won and lost his youthful battles of the tongue, this it was certain that he would do, and so the names of Tennyson and Trench, Alford and Ellicott, Hallam and Praed, fell upon the ears of a prepared audience. It was natural, too, that the orator should protest that the *genius loci* had deserted him, for the spacious and ornamental debating-hall was not his Union, the Union where he had made his first flights, the "cavernous tavernous" old room at the back of the Red Lion, in the Petty Cury, thence called, as the Margaret Professor took characteristic care to inform the assembly, *comitia curiata*. A few anecdotes, of course, were a necessary element in the sort of speech Lord Houghton was there to make, and the one or two he told were happily chosen and well put. And when all that was done, the more important part of what he had to say came on in turn.

This, too, was very much the sort of thing that might have been expected. Debating societies have been objected to and abused, and the objections, or a selection from them, afforded an eligible opportunity for an easy tilt. Such societies are charged with making men garrulous. But a garrulous Englishman is, or is said to be, as rare as a taciturn Frenchman. It is against the nature of the species, and a contradiction to the structure of the language, for one of our race, speaking our tongue, to launch forth his words without effort, without impediment, without thought. A composite language has so many practical difficulties, so many different ways of expressing the same thing, so many doubtful points of taste and propriety, that the English orator, *teste* Lord

Houghton, with his House of Commons experience—keeps constantly haggling for the best word, hanging over the edge of the precipice and yet not making the plunge, calling down finally the loud acclaim of his audience when by chance he stumbles upon the felicitous expression. Lord Houghton is like Ulysses, "*qui multos homines, multorum vidit et urbes*;" he has attended the Parliamentary debates of many countries, and in no place has he heard such stammering, uncertainty in speaking as in our own House of Commons. The Englishman can, at best, say, not without grievous bodily pain, what it is absolutely necessary to say; while the Frenchman can say anything in the world that he wants to say. This is due rather to the exigencies of our language than to an abundance of that superior wisdom which hides itself under silence. We flatter ourselves that we are more silent, or less garrulous, than our Continental neighbours, because we are more wise, but John Bull never looks so sagacious and maintains so meaning a silence, as when he has nothing in his mind to put into words. However seriously the charge of provoking garrulity might be against a French or an Italian debating society, did such things freely exist, it is rather an argument for the spread of such societies in England, especially among young men. When the members of debating societies are matured in age, it is more the material virus than the point and manner of what is said that forms the study of the members, and political agitation takes the place of earnest practice of the debating art. With younger Englishmen the opportunity of acquiring fluency is one that can scarcely be too freely given. In all situations in English life, with its common councils and quartersessions, and innumerable deliberative assemblies, the gift of ready speech is invaluable for good—effective for evil also, it is true; but no really sane man argues from the abuse to the prohibition of a weapon of such grand power, and it is daily becoming more and more desirable that our best educated men should be possessed of this unfailing means of influencing those who are within their reach. It is a difficulty that must naturally be expected to arise—the universally observed difficulty of getting a close and careful student to communicate to an audience some of the stores of wisdom he has extracted from the obscure records of past times, or from the sagacity of sound-minded writers little read but by such as he. There can be no doubt that almost any audience would rather hear an educated than an uneducated man, grant the two equal powers of fluency and sympathy with their hearers. A great popular orator has said that he never took so well with a common, uneducated audience as when he was translating almost word for word from the old Latin and Greek models. The moral of this is, that, on the one hand, it will never do to lose those exquisite models, to send our young men to the country and to Parliament without a knowledge of what the most successful and useful men have founded their successes upon in past times; and, on the other hand, that any measure which tends to import into our schools and universities something of a careful study of the art of speaking in public, and, if possible, of debating, will deserve the most careful attention on the part of those who have it in their power to make experiment of the utility of such a measure.

Another objection is that these societies too early turn the minds of the young to exciting questions of politics, and introduce the premature combatant to the arena when he ought to be studying rudiments in the practice grounds. But, as Lord Houghton observed, it is impossible for a boy in these days to be decently well taught without having many questions of modern politics suggested to his imagination. History without its application is a bag of dry bones, a corpse, whatever is typical of uselessness and death. The study of such history is an exercise of memory; but beyond that its utility goes a very short way indeed. Give it life, galvanize it, by applying the electric current which connects present and soul-stirring questions of high political and social import with the stories of an elder civilization—different, yet the same—and from the humble handmaid place of a cumbrous memory-machine, History rises to the position of the greatest and truest means of education. A boy, to be really well taught, must be supplied with the means of completing this connection between what he reads in Thucydides and Tacitus, and what he sees in the newspapers about France, and Italy, and Prussia, and statesmanship in general; or hears from the lips of Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Bright concerning the peculiar affairs, internal and external, of his own country. And so the assertion that a University debating-society brings men too young to the study of politics cannot bear inspection. How it is that this early study causes its devotees to adopt with a remarkable unanimity the Conservative side of most questions, it is not easy to explain, unless it be, among other reasons, that the youthful mind connects regard for mere antiquity with

respect for Norman descent and early chivalry, while the more mature mind becomes convinced that Norman descent is a myth in nine cases out of ten, and that early chivalry was, in some degree, very far from being respectable. That the great majority of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates will cheer uproariously on the barest mention of the names of the present First Lord and Chancellor of the Exchequer, is year after year made evident, whereas in the most popular times of Lord Palmerston's Ministry, the cry used to be "Three cheers for Lord Palmerston! Three groans for the Ministry!" In close connection with this natural Conservatism of the undergraduate mind, steeped as it is with the genius of old ivy-covered quadrangles and chapels, and the supreme dignity of elderly gentlemen in a mediæval state of life, is the fact that notwithstanding the perfect license of debate which is allowed to the Oxford and Cambridge Unions by the authorities, no harm ever comes of the debates. The *étudiant* of Paris or the *Bursch* of Heidelberg is a fire-brand and tinder-box combined; whoever talks is a fire-brand, whoever listens is tinder. If an evening were spent by them in the sort of discussion that might any time take place in our University rooms, souls would be stirred with the irrepresible desire to rid the world of tyrants, and half a dozen young gentlemen in a state of beer would talk of taking steps in that direction. This license is not of very long standing in Cambridge. Professor Selwyn remembered the time when no post-Revolution political topic might be introduced, and Lord Houghton and the debaters of his time were limited to subjects bearing date before the commencement of the present century. An infraction of these restrictions subjected the society to a proctorial visit and a forced and immediate adjournment, unless some such president occupied the chair as Whewell was in his younger days, who, when the proctors appeared and announced that the proceedings must come to an end, enunciated with stern gravity and regard for form, "Strangers must withdraw. The house will take the message into consideration." There has never been any cause for the authorities to regret that these stringent regulations have been relaxed, and in this, as in the absolute necessity of careful practice in public speaking, we cannot fail to see a significant mark of the Englishman. He is not ready with his tongue, not ready with his sword. What must be said, he can get through in some way or other, but he does not accomplish it without great effort. When something must be done, he does it, but he is not ready to flash into vehement action on the first moment of a possibly fleeting conviction. He is able to hold very strong views and yet be a very peaceful citizen.

ON "GOOSING" A PLAY.

ACCORDING to the *Times* we learn that the reception of Mr. Collins's "Frozen Deep," at the Olympic, was often marred by evidences of "rude disapprobation." "Of late a sect of philosophers has arisen by whom hissing is evidently regarded as a good thing in itself—just as geese, no doubt, think it a good thing to cackle—and these may be congratulated on their unwonted exhibition of public virtue." Now we must protest against an attempt at choking the true expression of opinion contained in the above very confused sentence. We are glad to notice a healthy desire on the part of theatrical audiences not to be led into applauding what does not entertain them. A dramatic author if successful, receives his reward of praise on the instant, and in a manner more flattering than the novelist or the poet, and if he deserves damnation for his piece he ought to get it on the spot. The same principle applies to the performers: it is sheer impertinence on the part of those ladies and gentlemen who resent a murmur from the pit to take these indications personally. They are directed to the play, and are rarely levelled at the actors. Even when they are, this overweening sensitiveness is not a little unreasonable. An actor may be bad in one play and good in another. When a writer publishes a poor book he must regain his ground by producing superior work, but your actor or dramatic author explodes into letters in the papers when his thunder proves unfortunate. This "rude disapprobation" is as old as the stage itself, and was once a power legitimately, fairly, and usefully exercised. It was heard when the "stick" took the boards, or the infatuated believer in his own folly had seduced a manager into putting it on the stage. Perhaps the "rude disapprobation" was not always very discriminating. Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" survived it; but, on the whole, it did our playwrights service. There is not half enough of it nowadays. The miserable farces, the horse-collar gagging, and the vamped-up translations, with "real pumps" testify

that our pits are lenient enough. By accident, or through mischievous intent, those ominous sounds may intrude on the deserved encouragement for merit; but, as a rule, the smoke shows the fire. The men who write plays judge them. The people who pay are not in all the secret, but the critics require that the house to which they are friendly should hold nought but "trunkmakers in the gallery." Then the relations subsisting between managers, individual actors, and independent representatives of the press, may be surmised from the general terms of the notices which appear in most of our daily papers. Nothing can be worse for actors themselves than all this. It leads to jobbing, to almost unconscious meanness, to numberless intrigues, and to fretting, not an hour on the stage, but every hour in the twenty-four. An actor has to live by his calling, and a noble calling it is when properly followed; but he is driven to invoke the aid of Puff—of Puff who has the power of a steam-printed journal at his command—of Puff who is incubating his own comedy, and who must be courted into complaisance and amiability. Criticism in reference to actresses is as degraded as it possibly can be. It has become simply foolish. This is a mistake of gallantry which was unknown to our ancestors, more gallant than we. Theatrical ladies have made the grave mistake of approaching the public in a half personal fashion, and the result is, a kind of praise is lavished on them which they ought to consider more than half insult. You do not read so much a sober disquisition on the performance of Miss Brown or Miss Robinson as a sort of boisterous complimenting of the irresistible fascinations of these ladies. This is the more to be regretted, as there is no lack of talent or of grace in Miss Brown or Miss Robinson, but there is a decided lack of discretion and judgment proceeding from the want of that tuition which can only be imparted by conscientious critics. The public should not be bullied by either journalists, managers, or actors into a dumb acceptance of the bad or indifferent stuff set before them; and their only chance of having better is by taking the matter into their own hands, and exhibiting "rude disapprobation" whenever they think a play, an actor, or an actress deserves it. They should "goose" properly and unmistakably so as to send the corrective home to the defaulters. There is no cruelty so cruel as mistaken kindness, and it is a wonder, taking into account the complete rottenness of the present system of criticism, how we have an actor or an actress worth listening to. The Mutual Admiration Society has many corresponding members, who have equal access to the editor's sanctum and the green-room. It ramifies into the columns of funny periodicals, where you may read doating verses on the popular favourites in a vein of affected rhapsody, and most antural silliness. Not long since we saw a pamphlet comprising forty or fifty pages of close print, and containing nothing but the praises of a really promising young lady, who is pretty sure to be spoiled under this advertising system. Unless the public protest, and protest in public, against anything, and everything, and everybody, in the theatrical world failing to entertain them, this evil will grow. The nonsense about "rude disapprobation" is a part of it.

The case of the managers, we admit, is a hard one. A new play now means enormous expenses, almost permanent properties, and an exhaustive using of resources. Failure may end in bankruptcy, and therefore we can scarcely blame a gentleman who has invested his money and staked half his all on the hazard of a drama, to turn a deaf ear to the furtive signals of "goosing," which are usually smothered before the duty of "goosing" is done satisfactorily. But if the critics do not help us to good plays, this is the only way to help ourselves. Who is it, in nine cases out of ten, that inveigles the manager into a new piece? The manager's cue is not to know when he is beaten, to announce unprecedented success when the ayes were in a bare majority, to proclaim a tremendous hit when the mark of tolerance was merely reached. He is backed in this by gentlemen who wax wroth at "rude disapprobation." It is curious to note the relative changes of the professional critic and the ordinary playgoer within the last fifty years. Formerly, the author and the actor hung literally on the breath of popular applause. On the first night the pit was crowded with an audience who felt that on that occasion they were invested with a judicial dignity. We read of the decorous attention paid to, and the distinct judgment pronounced, on the performance. Now, we have placed our discrimination, like our opinions, in certain newspapers, and when we do venture by way of a change to think for ourselves, the proceeding is objected to as rude, and as deserving of an addled metaphor which winds up with a sneer, the sneer, by the bye, being an unconscious confession of the public right. When the "Woman in Mauve" was hissed at the Haymarket a few years ago, the "goosing"

was referred to a conspiracy, but after a time the operation was justified by the withdrawal of the piece. The "sect of philosophers" again ventured to hiss at the prison scenes of "Never too late to mend," to the consternation of the manager, who persisted in his crank until the treasury showed a diminution of interest in reminiscences of Pentonville. "Ethel" was threatened the other night, but, we believe, rather through the indiscretion of an actress than through an absence of merit in the play. "Goosing" should be encouraged as an institution. No sterling composition, no genuine performance will ever permanently suffer by it. If we are to go to a theatre with feelings for the manager, compassion for the author, sentiment for the actresses, consideration for the scene-painter, and deference towards the sensitive disposition of the gentleman who superintends the gas department, and who has been recently added to the list of artistic contributors to the support of the British drama, there is no reason why we should not acquiesce in their several exertions in the same fashion as we do in the blunders and intonations of a stupid preacher. In a church we may not exhibit "rude disapprobation," but in a playhouse it is absurd to prevent an open and demonstrative declaration of opinion. If critics fail us, if managers will hold on while there is the remotest chance of shoving the drama down our throats, "goosing" should be applied to bring about a more wholesome order of things. We should like to see the theatres even more crowded than they are, and we should have no objection to have their numbers multiplied, but let the audiences insist on their privilege of being the supreme tribunals from which an appeal will not lie on the question of what pleases or displeases them. Else we shall have no end to the confusion, trickery, incompetence, and humbug which at present pervades dramatic judgment and dramatic writing.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SUPERSTITION.

THE onward march of civilization has banished the grosser forms of superstition from the minds of our population just as it has banished leprosy and the black death from their bodies. A policeman is the terror of spiritual as well as of material vagrants; and the mild scientific light emitted by an ordinary mechanics' institute scatters ghosts quite as effectively as the crowing of a cock. If we consider how, during the last two centuries, the mass of human life has been emancipated from superstitious fears, and from the pain and terror which those fears superinduced, we shall find that we have been making progress not only in material directions, but in spiritual as well. The atmosphere of human homes has been purified, the atmosphere of human imagination has been purified also. Superstition sprang from some sort of Manichean idea that the world, and all that pertained to it, was governed by two principles,—the one good, the other evil; and that the latter, if not more powerful, was at all events in closer neighbourhood to, and exercised greater dominion over, human beings. It regarded nature as something mischievous and malign, which delighted to play with man very much as a cat plays with a mouse. It regarded all her phenomena as evil personalities; its meteors lured the night-wanderer into morasses; its snows were eager to enwrap the traveller; its winds to hustle him over precipices; its rivers to drown him. Now, however, in the minds of most, the ancient evil *animus* has been taken from nature, and her powers are regarded simply as means which may be used skilfully or the reverse. Darkness has become friendly, waste and desert places have lost their terrors. Comets have come to be nocturnal ornaments, and are admired pretty much as we admire rare plants in a garden. Eclipses are no longer portents, foretelling the deaths of kings and the death-throes of States; they have changed their nature, and become evidences of our mathematical skill. Paterfamilias, who has missed the last train, walks through the darkness to his suburban residence, unshaken by superstitious fears. He may, however, in his lonely journey have well-founded fears for the safety of his purse and person; for civilization, which has expelled the apparition, has failed to eliminate the garotter.

Although men, as a rule, are no longer actively superstitious, there lingers still in the minds of even the most cultivated, a sense of the supernatural which has its home mainly in the imagination. We no longer believe in fairies, but we can read with pleasure a fairy story or a fairy poem. We no longer believe in ghosts, but we can all thrill at a ghostly legend when well told. The intellect does not believe in the apparition, but the blood does, and this latent superstitious sense is powerfully moved by outward circumstances—the tale, for instance, which would be of non-effect when heard at noonday, will

impress the imagination when related on a country road when the brown twilight is closing around; or in the parlour in the winking fire-light before the gas has been lit. The old forms of superstition, ghosts, fairies, Will-o'-the-Wisp, water-spirits, and the like, have no home in the cultivated reason, but they are not yet homeless in the cultivated imagination. Indeed, imaginative, nervously-sensitive men, who are keenly alive to the impressions of outward phenomena—to whom the earth is not merely so much matter on which they walk, and which produces vegetables for their use—to whom the bellow of the sea on a shingly shore in the wintry twilight, is not so much the collision of forces as the expression of some untranslatable pain, or desire, or passion—have usually this sense of the supernatural in an eminent degree. Such men are conscious of themselves, and of natural phenomena as something outside, and independent of themselves. To such men the world is always strange, more or less. Men are always conscious of living in the presence of something. The quiet of the hills is not the quiet of their spirits; the moan of the wind amongst the trees at night is something with which they have no personal concern, and to which they are simply listeners. And it will be found that in our highest literature, evidence of this peculiar phase of feeling is visible in every direction. Shakespeare is full of it, as, indeed, he is full of everything else. What hints of unearthly influences; what portents, presentiments, and the shadows of coming things; what suggestions of man and nature in passionate conflict or collusion, are to be found in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar"! The sense of an incalculable something in the world and in man is characteristic of the poetry of Goethe; and from more than one passage in the "Autobiography" we gather that the great German believed in presentiments, and that separated minds could act on each other, although no message or communication should pass between them. Sir Walter Scott was perhaps as superstitious as it was possible for a well-educated modern man to be; and the same, although in his case it was manifested after a different fashion, may be said of Byron. Wordsworth's writings are full of occult mysterious suggestion, of shadowy belief, and hopes which science can never prove or disprove,—

"Of peace subsisting at the heart,
Of endless agitation."

But in Wordsworth's superstition—if superstition it can be called—nature's animosity, and the terror of man arising therefrom, was reft away, and all is reconciliation, peace, tranquillity. He believes, but he does not tremble. It is not surprising that this sense of superstition or of the supernatural should be found in literature, and in poetry more especially, which deals with the more remote, evanescent, and fleeting phases of human life and experience; but if more surprising, it is not the less true, that something of the same kind exists in the daily lives of the most prosaic. Men, in the course of their lives, form personal superstitions very much as they form personal habits, and, in confidential moments, to hear these related is not a little curious. It would almost seem that every one of us carries a little bit of the dark ages in his breast. One man who, in every other respect entirely sensible, believes in dreams, or, at all events, that good or ill fortune attends the recurrence of a certain dream. A second, starting from his house for the transaction of some important or delicate piece of business, and remembering ten yards off that he has forgotten his umbrella, will not turn back for it. He will rather suffer a severe drenching, or the expense of a cab, than run the risk of an evil omen. A third will tell you that he knows when an event is about to occur, and that he has power to bring about the event. If, for instance, Mr. S. owes him money, and he wishes very much that the debt should be liquidated, he walks to his office with the firmest conviction that his wish will be gratified, and when he arrives, there is the letter from Mr. S. with a cheque for the full amount inclosed. Should he wish exceedingly to speak for a moment to Dr. T., he walks out into the street, perfectly convinced that he will encounter Dr. T. by the time, at latest, he has reached the third corner. All this kind of thing is very odd, but it is extremely common nevertheless. Some men have lucky days and unlucky days. Others will only start on a journey after they have gone through certain formalities; and one of the most unsuperstitious persons in ordinary respects the present writer ever knew was an Anglo-Indian of large fortune, who, in his youth, received a charmed ring from a Benares jeweller, who wore the ring constantly, and who believed that the wearing of it was the cause of his excellent health in the East, the accumulation of his large fortune, and his preservation in many of the dangerous crises of the Indian mutiny. And

yet this man, if you had told him a ghost story with any sense of belief in it, would have laughed in your face.

A knowledge of the superstitions which prevail in different parts of the country, and amongst different sections of the population, is extremely interesting. These superstitions are pretty much the result of race, of mental temperament, and of climatic influences. The Celts are perhaps the most superstitious portion of the inhabitants of these islands. The Irish Celt is not quite sure that the fairies have been banished from the summer green sward and the summer moonlight, and he is perfectly convinced that the Banshee is heard "keening" at the window of the dying—more particularly if the dying man should happen to be of a good family. The Scottish Highlands are as full of omens, wraiths, and portents, as they are full of mists and vapour. This is to be accounted for from the physical environment and the melancholy temperament of the people. The sound of the sea continually haunts them, mists are for ever folding and unfolding on the precipice, after an hour's rain the stream comes down carrying away the crazy bridge; and as life in these wild regions is comparatively insecure, and as nature is cruel, the most trivial circumstances—the howling of a dog, the phosphorescence of the sea—are translated into omens of death and disaster. In the towns of the Lowlands there are many obscure superstitions, and several of these are connected with New Year's Day. In these towns "first footing," as it is called, is a common custom; that is to say, when the first hour of the new year has struck, parties of young persons of both sexes, carrying with them spirits and cakes, sally forth into the streets to visit their acquaintances, and to wish them a "happy new year." Now, connected with this friendly custom of "first footing," there are many superstitions. Should a "first foot" enter a house empty-handed, it is regarded as extremely unlucky. Should he enter without shoes on his feet, he is considered little better than a murderer. Even although the person entering a house on such an occasion should have plenty in his hands and welcome on his lips, it is not quite certain that his visit will bring luck with it. He may be personally obnoxious to the fates; and many a Scottish family which has been unfortunate during the year in business, or which may have lost one of its members, lays the entire blame on the "first foot," and never consider that its own imprudence or carelessness may have been the cause. Should a household fire have gone out in Scotland on a New Year's morning no neighbour will oblige the family with a shovelful of lighted coal; and should a man enter a house and desire a light for his pipe the favour would be angrily refused. Should a light in such circumstances be given it is believed that the person giving it will be dead before the year has run its course. It is curious too, that in Scotland, the old classical Nemesis should be universally believed in, although under another name. The readers of Sir Walter know the meaning of a man being called *few*—that is, fated, or predestined. Nothing can turn that man from his purpose. He is drawn to his doom by the chains of necessity. Similarly, too, in Scotland, there is a deep suspicion and distrust of any expression or exhibition of exuberant happiness. Such happiness, according to the popular belief, attracts disaster as the iron-mountain attracts the thunderbolt. Should a Scotch child be more than ordinarily merry and lighthearted, her mother or elder sister is sure to silence her with "Wheesh!—there's something afore ye." The meaning of which is, that the unusual mirth is the forerunner of some unusual misfortune. Whether it be from their special temperament, or a deduction from their peculiar theology, the mass of Scottish people are extremely superstitious and these superstitions are of gloomy complexion. The gods they serve are jealous, as were the gods of the old Greek; and they dare not laugh aloud in case the Saturnine deities hear, and they be smitten in revenge.

Perhaps it will be found that something of this last Scottish superstition pervades, to a certain extent, all classes of society. No man who has reached middle life but has learned to suspect exuberances of happiness, and the fond castle-building of hope. He has been cheated and disappointed so frequently that it is only with a sort of half-belief that he listens to the voice of the charmer; and, on the other hand, he has so often found that the blackest cloud has turned forth a "silver lining," that he has learned to extract a certain comfort from despondency. When he finds himself expecting happiness, he knows that he will never get what he expects, at all events in the degree he expects it; when he finds himself brooding over impending ruin, he knows that he has never yet been utterly ruined, and trusts that, after all, things may not turn out so bad as they seem. This is not a very high philosophy, but it is an eminently safe one; and it is, perhaps, the philosophy of the majority of mankind who have reached the age of forty.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is not, we believe, generally known how great a sacrifice is made by the Emperor Napoleon III. of a long and fondly cherished idea, in his consenting to recall the corps of occupation from Mexico, and leaving the Sovereign of that country to his own resources. Whilst still a prisoner in Ham, he asked and obtained from King Louis Philippe permission to receive a visit from his intimate friend, Lord Malmesbury, whom he then begged to become the organ of a communication to the King of the French. It was to the effect that, if set at liberty, he would quit Europe for ever, establish himself in Mexico, and there devote all his talents and energies to raise it up from its fallen and distracted state. Lord Malmesbury faithfully and zealously executed the commission; but the distrust of the Orleanist monarch was not to be removed or lulled, and the request of Prince Louis Napoleon met with an immediate and unconditional refusal. It suggests, however, a rather curious historical speculation, when we ask ourselves, What would have been the future of the Buonaparte dynasty had the request been complied with? and it furnishes a fresh proof of the practical wisdom of Lord Palmerston (to whom that fact could scarcely have been unknown), in his having, when the treaty for joint-intervention was framed, so strictly excluded from the task of the three Powers any interference in the internal affairs of Mexico.

CONTINENTAL opinions seem divided on the effect of the appointment of M. von Beust to a place in the Austrian Cabinet. This Minister is thought to be a match for Bismarck. He is said to represent the "individualist" tendencies of Germany, and the policy of resistance to the all-absorption schemes of the House of Hohenzollern. We suspect that Bismarck, with his needle gun and his ethical motto, "*Macht geht vor Recht*," cares very little for any old school diplomatist, or for the changes got up by way of threat, in the councils of a beaten enemy.

THE *Echo du Nord* goes unnecessarily out of its way to contradict a report circulated in the early part of the week at Brussels and Paris, that the Scandinavian kingdoms, with Denmark and Holland, were about to enter into a maritime league with Prussia. Bismarck and Prussia are just now as great bugbears as Louis Napoleon and France were a few years ago. The object of the league was said to be protection against Russia; but such a step would be fatal to peace, for Russia could not look on quietly while the mouth of the Baltic was closed against her. It is hard to see what advantage Denmark and Holland could find in placing their navies at the order of Prussia; while, in the case of actual aggression, France and England would be stronger and more disinterested protectors.

PRUSSIA and Saxony are henceforth to live on terms of amity—such terms as are consistent with the gradual deglutition of the smaller by the larger State. The Saxon army is to form part of the army of the "Northern Confederation," and, by virtue of a protocol annexed to the treaty, Saxony will be represented by Prussian agents whenever a vacancy occurs. The Bismarckian combination of *suaviter in modo with fortiter in re* is also displayed by the occupation of Königstein, but Dresden is to have a mixed garrison. The Berlin papers say that Prussia has only demanded a minimum of what she had a right to insist upon, and that the interest of Saxony is now to merge with the greater Power and share in her prosperity. By way of contributing practically to this object, Saxony will pay ten million thalers as war indemnity.

It is impossible to deny that the condition of affairs in America is grave, if not ominous. The list of questions which the President was said to have sent in to the Attorney-General, touching on the alleged illegality of the present Congress, from which the States formerly in rebellion are excluded, and requiring information as to the extent of the President's power in the matter, may have been, as alleged, the invention of an ingenious, but not over-scrupulous, newspaper correspondent; though many are still of opinion that the queries were really propounded secretly, and in some way or other got abroad. But in any case there can be no question that the President and the Congress are at issue on essential matters; that neither will give way, or even suggest a compromise; that the nation is taking sides with the

one or the other; and that the utmost uneasiness prevails. The *Times* Philadelphia correspondent says that the President "has carefully arranged the distribution of military commands throughout the country, so as to have friends in command of all the military departments. The navy is with him in feeling, and at all the navy yards several armed vessels are kept in commission. Gradually he has collected a force of at least 10,000 troops at Washington—enough to defend it from attack, and enough to spare a regiment or two for any obstinate city, like Philadelphia (eight hours distant by rail), or Boston (twenty-four hours distant). In spite of every exertion of friend and foe, he keeps Edwin M. Stanton in power, the man who, above Grant, or Sherman, or Lincoln, had the dogged energy and prompt spirit which gave the North the victory in the recent contest. He has 128,000,000 dollars in the Treasury, chiefly in gold, and the Secretary is continually hoarding. He has arms and munitions of war in all parts of the North, and vessels are constantly engaged in stripping the Southern storehouses of military supplies, and bringing them to the Northern cities." All this is very threatening; yet, the majority having so clearly declared itself, we cannot believe that Mr. Johnson will risk a second civil war for the sake of insisting on his policy.

SEVERAL thousand votes were deposited in the plebiscitum turns over and above the number of voters. This indicates that even a noble enthusiasm may condescend to something like a pious fraud. It is a curious fact (to be noted we may add in connection with Dr. Newman's sermon) that in many cases the priests headed their flocks on their way towards the depositories, and Monsignor Zinelli, of Treviso, a prelate famous for his violent Ultramontanism, not being able on account of illness to go personally to vote, deputed an agent by special license to perform the duty for him, and, according to *La Nazione*, wrote to the Mayor a letter full of patriotic sentiments. Some of the monks even wore tricolour ribbons on their breasts. When the decree for the cessation of religious establishments goes out effectively, we may have a few of the monastic exiles in England, and already preparations for their reception are being made at kindred establishments to those of Italy in Ramsgate.

L'International congratulates *Public Opinion* on the reproduction in English of an article ridiculing the bellicose leaders in the *Times*. There is real French humour in the remark of the *International* about our rising as one man to go to the Continent and fight windmills. But our friends on the other side should not understand us as altogether withdrawing from war. We are ready at any time to fight for our homes, our altars, and our manufactures.

MR. GLADSTONE'S visit to Rome forms the subject of a good deal of conjecture to some of our contemporaries. They find it difficult to realize how a politician may take his holidays without carrying a portfolio and a despatch-box. Mr. Lowe writes to the *Times* on the Latin Primer, and never once alludes to the working classes. Mr. Gladstone will probably do at Rome what most other travelling Englishmen do, and leave the ex-Chancellorship of the Exchequer at home.

"S. G. O.'s" letters on the Ritualistic war, and on the topics elicited by it, contrast strangely with the narrow-headed productions on similar subjects with which we have been recently inundated. "S. G. O.'s" views on the priestly function and office appear to resemble the Roman Catholic doctrine of plenary and awful power imparted by ordination—a power of which the ordained can never be deprived, and which the superior authorities can only "suspend." The candlestick question seems now exhausted, the trumpet note of "S. G. O." being sounded over it, and the "rural deans" having had their say; but a controversy of this nature resembles at its close the lame conclusion of a badly-trained orchestra—

"One fiddle will
Give, half ashamed, a tiny flourish still."

THE Pope has distributed two allocutions. In the first, the Italian Government is complained of, the institution of civil marriage condemned, and the suppression of monasteries deplored. The acts comprehended under those changes are declared null and void; that is, we suppose that a civil marriage shall be no marriage, and the suppression of monasteries shall

be a crime, though how the fact, when a fact, can "be null and void," it is not easy to see. The temporal power, his Holiness asserts (according to the telegram), is indispensable to the independence of the spiritual power, and he is ready to suffer death for the principle, and, if necessary (the alternative is curiously placed), to seek refuge in another country for the exercise of his apostolic ministry. Allocution No. 2 is addressed to Russia, or, rather, to Poland, and winds up with a prayer that the Czar may put an end to the persecutions of Catholics within his dominions.

THE Brussels *cause célèbre*, of which we gave the prominent facts last week, has resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner. Concerning the case itself we can scarcely see, upon the evidence, what other result could have been attained. In England the trial would, probably, have occupied a couple of hours, and resulted in a verdict of not guilty. In Brussels days were spent, and all sorts of irrelevant matter dragged in, which, if proved, although without the remotest connection to the alleged murder, would have operated greatly to the prejudice of the prisoner. Contradictory as the facts were, however, they undoubtedly tended rather to help him than otherwise. The whole inquiry presents a singular contrast to an English trial. Although the great point for decision was whether the death of Ready was caused by his own hand or by that of the prisoner, so many facts were dragged before the jury that their enumeration would be too endless for our space. Some of them, however, were singularly ridiculous, from the utter absence of anything like connection with the alleged murder. In the first place, with the very charge itself was mixed up an accusation of forgery, with scarcely a tittle of evidence against the prisoner. He is next accused of having had something to do with the death of a gentleman named Bingham, whose body the English Secretary of State had ordered to be exhumed, but which the widow of the deceased prevented, by giving up her claim to a disputed legacy. This is so absurdly improbable upon the face of it, that we are not surprised to find Mr. Woodroffe, an English barrister, affirming that there was no evidence against the prisoner there, and that the coroner discharged the jury, not because of the abandonment of any legacy, but in consequence of the charge being entirely without foundation. The Bingham affair, however, is serious when compared with accusations of having stolen, in Syria, a cloak belonging to an English officer, who is proved never to have had an existence—of wearing orders to which Risk Allah had no right, but to which he afterwards shows himself entitled—of being no medical practitioner—of committing a robbery at Constantinople custom-house, which only had an existence in the fact that another Risk Allah was the depredator—of treating Ready ill by sending him to India when he was only fifteen, and by placing him at a boarding-school a hundred leagues from London and afterwards at Spa when nineteen. There does not appear to have been anything very strange in this treatment of the boy, although we scarcely think that the statement of the counsel for the prisoner, that it was a universal and everyday habit among Englishmen to send their sons to India, distant boarding-schools, and Spa, all at once, is based upon any very extensive experience of English life. The manner in which the proceedings were conducted, although it may, from a scenic point of view, contrast favourably with our business-like trials, does not seem so very well calculated to advance the administration of justice. The assistance of a prisoner in sifting papers may be useful to the judge, but we should prefer to see him remain in the dock instead of walking across the court and up to the Bench. His eloquence may also serve him, but we fancy that that of his counsel would be quite as effectual, with the advantage of securing some economy of time. The actual bed in which the death occurred, with a witness getting between the blankets and acting a suicide, when accompanied by a model representing the blood-stained sheets, a doll with a wound in the neck, brilliantly coloured, to represent expiring life, and a sheep with its head shaven to a tuft, in resemblance of the head of the deceased, no doubt produced the requisite sensations in court, but were absurd and indecent in an inquiry involving a question of life and death. The Public Prosecutor, of course, consulted his own fancy in sending his snuff-box to the prisoner; but it would have been quite as well, and a little more decent, if he had kept his politeness to himself. We think that the jury could have come to no other conclusion than their verdict of not guilty; but we cannot help fancying, that if Risk Allah Bey had been a poor man, without the means of getting witnesses over from London to disprove most of the irrelevant charges brought against him, the verdict would have been otherwise.

AMONGST the patriots whom the story of Italian liberation has made famous, history will not fail to place the Venetian cobbler, who, having no hangings to grace his walls with, or banner to flaunt from his windows during last week's rejoicings, pasted three pieces of paper, red, white, and green, over his door, with the inscription:—"O mia cara Italia, voglio ma non posso, fare di piu per te." This heart-burst is just one of those fine touches of feeling which conquer the sympathies of the world: one of those compact utterances of what is best and noblest in us which no lapse of time can destroy.

THE Jamaica Committee have had two literary and scientific windfalls. Sir Charles Lyell and Professor Huxley have joined it. The Professor, provoked by the remarks of a newspaper, has written to its editor to say that he has joined the Committee which proposes to indict Mr. Eyre, "in the hope that I may hear a court of justice declare that the only defence which can be set up (if the Royal Commissioners are right) is no defence, and that the killing of Mr. Gordon was the gravest offence known to the law—murder." Our readers will remember that the Royal Commissioners in their report said that "the evidence, oral and documentary, appears to us to be wholly insufficient to establish the charge upon which the prisoner took his trial" (p. 37); and, again, they declare that they "cannot see, in the evidence which has been adduced, any sufficient proof, either of his (Mr. Gordon's) complicity in the outbreak at Morant Bay, or of his having been a party to a general conspiracy against the Government." Professor Huxley seems to us to miss the true point in this matter. It can be of very little consequence that a court of justice shall declare Mr. Eyre to have been guilty of murder, unless we are afterwards to hang him. The verdict without the penalty would throw contempt upon the administration of justice; but we suspect that Professor Huxley, and perhaps a few other members of the Jamaica Committee—possibly even Mr. S. C. Hall—would not press the exaction of the forfeiture when they had obtained the verdict.

IN laying the foundation stone of some new Church schools at Islington, on Wednesday, Sir Roundell Palmer maintained that boys, so far from being better than men, are naturally worse. The subject is worth considering, but we doubt the truth of his position. "Some of us have been to public schools," he said, "and have known by personal experience some of the cruelties practised there among the pupils. The remarkable thing, however, is that in after life those same boys that used to torment us are no longer cruel. The germs within them, which might have made them wife-beaters and starvers of children, have been exterminated by a sound education." We should rather attribute the cruelties practised by some boys to the non-responsibility of youth, and the want of vigilance on the part of their superiors than to natural causes. And, on the other hand, we should be readier to credit the abandonment of their cruelty when they become men, to the fear of opinion than to any amelioration of their dispositions. An ill-disposed boy will make an ill-disposed man. How boys become ill-disposed is often, we fear, to be traced to the fact that education, which consists in the influence and example of elders, is overlooked. Parents and adults frequently treat infants as their toys, and develop their worst traits of disposition by showing that they are amused by them.

WE are at a loss to know why it is that a tradesman who appears before a London Alderman charged with defrauding the poor by the use of false weights, departs with his pockets lightened by a fine of 2s. 6d., whilst the dealer who adulterates food, when summoned at the instance of the Revenue before a metropolitan police magistrate, is visited with a penalty of £25. We are far from thinking the £25 fine too large, but we are anxious to learn upon what principle it is that a man may not be half poisoned for less than £25, whilst an enterprising merchant may do what he can towards starving him at the moderate figure of 2s. 6d. So long as the British tradesman continues to enjoy the opinions expressed by one of the gentry summoned at Bow-street the other day, we despair of fining them into honesty. This worthy endeavoured to impress upon the magistrate that a mixture of burnt sugar, mock molasses, and other saccharine refuse, used in the adulteration of coffee, was perfectly innocuous, and that the public rather liked it. He also urged that he had a right to do as he pleased with his own goods, and that if the practice of his business was to be interfered with, he would be compelled to sell everything off and go

into the sausage trade, a branch of industry in which he maintained any amount of adulteration was permitted. Sir Thomas Henry discreetly avoided any discussion of the sausage question, but promised a practical exposition of his views on the subject should a sausage case be brought before him. A remarkable circumstance attending these adulteration cases, is the fact that although seven grocers were fined £25 each, not one of the cases appeared in the morning newspapers. This is not without its instruction. £25 fine may be a matter of indifference to the adulterator, but it is evident that he has such a dread of publicity (notwithstanding his assertion of the public taste for his mixtures) as induces him to increase his trade expenses by silencing the police-court reporters. Would not the French plan of compelling the mixture monger to advertise his delinquencies in the public press and in his own shop, put rather an effectual stop upon these practices? We admit that it might tend to shut up the shops of a good many tradesmen, but we should feel disposed to regard that rather as an advantage than otherwise.

THE loss of the *Evening Star* has been the subject of comment by so many journals that we need not repeat the particulars; it was, however, the occasion of a few leading articles which deserve special note. The details are put in very picturesque order by the *Telegraph*, in which we are told, "There was a company of Ethiopian minstrels on board, who played their banjos and cracked their jokes according to the manner of their tribe"—the writer being evidently under the impression that Christy minstrels are indigenous to the soil of Africa. A gentleman composing for another paper hedges this point by remarking, "those poor coloured minstrels, genuine Africans or not, had their drums and banjos, guitars and bones, quite ready for the festal campaign." A number of prostitutes who were drowned give occasion for that kind of sentiment so attractive to people of the highest order of morality. We are reminded that society "despairingly" calls them "unfortunate." That "they rushed, the pitiable, maddened daughters of misery upon deck; . . . the temple of Bubastis (?) itself was afloat upon the waters, and nearly a hundred died in misery and shame." We give a specimen of the Conservative Pompey and Liberal Cæsar to conclude with, by which our readers will perceive that they are very much alike. This is Pompey:—"What thoughts may have passed through those smitten souls in the supreme hour, it is not for the human mind to conjecture; but assuredly, if ever all the elements of a mortal tragedy were brought together in one place and at one hour, they were accumulated upon that nameless spot among the waves where the *Evening Star* went down. . . ." And this is Cæsar:—"That sinking vessel was, we grant, a dark black spot upon the wilderness of waters; it is true she sank, carrying down many mortals to the death which, in one form or another, is always as certain as birth; but the spectacle need not blind us to that eternal sunshine which perpetually reigns upon the grander ocean of universal life."

IT is much to be regretted that Sir Hugh Cairns should have allowed himself to become even the occasional stalking-horse of Orangeism. Of course it was natural he should go to Belfast. "There is," said Johnson, "a lurking desire in every man who leaves his country to return and appear considerable in his native town;" but the enthusiasm which serves to rekindle "Kentish fire" and revive the most insensate forms of bigotry ought not to be taken as a compliment by Sir Hugh Cairns. He received it all, however, as if he were being presented with a piece of plate, and listened to deliberate falsehoods touching the Reform programme without a word of deprecation. We are almost inclined to think it is fortunate for us that Sir Hugh's immediate political sympathies are confined to Ireland, otherwise we might have an uneasy doubt as to how much of judgment meant for the bench he might give up to party.

IF the Metropolitan Board of Works are a little dilatory in their efforts towards improving us into a respectable appearance, they at least show a good deal of expedition in keeping us informed of the progress of London. The last return issued by the Board shows an increase in the clear annual value of the property in the metropolis since 1856 of nearly four millions. In 1856 the total annual rental was about eleven millions and a quarter, and during the ten years that has expired since then, it has advanced to about fifteen millions and a quarter. A rate of threepence in the pound gives to the Board the modest sum of £190,659. In some localities the

increase in the value of property is most striking. Lee presents an improvement of 122 per cent.; St. Leonard, Bromley, 129; St. Mary Abbot, Kensington, 106; and the City of London proper about 75. The annual value of property in the Inner Temple, Gray's Inn, and Furnival's Inn, seems to have undergone a slight diminution; but Woolwich, which has fallen ten, and St. Nicholas, Deptford, twenty per cent., are almost the only instances of any considerable decrease. In some cases the progress has been very steady, whilst in others, from such causes as the completion of new buildings, there has been quite a sudden rush into prosperity. The City of London in 1865 showed an improvement of £33,214 on the rental of 1864, and has increased it in the present year by about £700,000.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

WHILE the younger members of the University are busily practising and training for the various boat-races that are to come off this term—inferior in interest to the College Eights of the spring and summer, but yet attracting a great deal of attention—and freshmen are being taken down daily in every conceivable sort of tub to be ground into some sort of rowing shape, the older members, on whom the responsibility and burden of legislation rests, have equally their matters of absorbing interest. At present, the re-election of new members of the Council, half that body going out of office in a few days' time, and the remodelling of the Classical Tripos, are the great practical questions before the electoral roll and the Senate respectively. A pamphlet by the Registry, which had appeared before the last Cambridge letter was written, but could not be noticed then from pressure of other matters, strongly advocates the wisdom of assuming that the out-going members are not to be re-elected. Hitherto the custom has been to re-elect them almost as a matter of course, and there are very few instances of an outgoing member being defeated when he has expressed a wish to be put on the Council again. It is no doubt useful to have men there who have a practical acquaintance with the business of the University, such as can only be acquired at the Council board, but the eight members who do not go out are quite sufficient to carry on all necessary traditions. New blood will take care, if it be but wisely selected, that *all* traditions are not held to be of necessary moment. No one can doubt the fact that the Council has met with a good deal of opposition of late, and such opposition it will continue to meet with if it retains the character of a close body, with mysterious knowledge of details which none outside may share, and able, by its individual members, to ride roughshod over objections to its proposals, by declaring that members of the Senate who have not heard the matters discussed at the Board can form no conception of the difficulties of other courses, and the imperative propriety of the one course proposed. If, on the other hand, there were among ordinary members of the Senate a fair number of men who had served their four years on the Council, such leaven would work very favourably, and the whole body of the Senate might be much enlightened on various points. In that case, too, it will be evident to any one who happens to be possessed of a desire to form one of the august sixteen, that if he bides his time and bears himself rationally with respect to the questions which arise meanwhile, he will have a very fair chance of obtaining his wish in due course, with the sixteenth part of a good deal of patronage, and the privilege of expending the best hours of each Monday in the performance of a somewhat thankless task. As things now are, a man, to have a good chance of being elected, must be very grey and profound, or very amiable and popular, or the only candidate from one of the large colleges, or so utterly crotchety that he is assigned to the Council by a malicious Senate as a not unmerited thorn in the flesh. The present Council is said to have not acted in a liberal spirit with regard to the appointment of members of Syndicates; and in this way also some ill feeling has no doubt been excited among the ranks of those who aspire to have a share in the management of the University affairs. The Registry points out, and in doing so only acts as a mouth-piece for popular opinion, that the Council would really seem to have been determined to have a majority of members of its own body on many syndicates. In one case the proportion is seven to one, and there, of course, the views of the Council cannot be combatted with any hope of success. If the Council is to be the representative body of the electoral roll, then the various parties in the University should formally choose their own candidates, and endeavour to insure their election, by which means the true strength of University

opinion would be determined, and the dominant parties adequately represented at the Board. But, after all, this is not the proper idea of the Council, which is, from its very nature, precluded from deciding questions finally on their merits by its own vote. Some members of the present Council appear to have held an opposite opinion with respect to their position, and the electoral roll would do well carefully to eliminate such persons on the earliest opportunity. As soon as a member of the Council begins to show signs of stifling the Senate's right of discussion, because he personally is opposed to any action being taken in the matter before the Council, it is time that he was remitted to private life.

The Registry also proposes that a University official should be appointed, to relieve the Vice-Chancellor of some of his most onerous duties; those, namely, which constitute him the Bursar of the University. If the office of Vice-Chancellor is vigorously and conscientiously performed, as it has very decidedly been in the present and for some past years, it is by no means a desirable honour, and it is quite as much a matter of wonder that any one should undertake it, as it is that it should, for now some years, have been so signally well performed. The chest is suffering from so chronic and so serious a plethora that £200 a year can well be spent upon this useful proposed official. We are giving £800 for new stalls in the chancel of Burwell Church, of which the University is Rector—a church very much like Great St. Mary's, and well worthy of the intended expenditure, and we are appointing a Syndicate to consider the creation of a Sanskrit Professorship. Among the various methods proposed for getting rid of our troublesome surplus, the idea of a University Bursar deserves to be realized and made one. Possibly such an official might be able to act the part, for acting which the bursars of some colleges have won for themselves the gratitude of the Fellows and their votes for the Mastership, by considerably raising the annual proceeds of the estates. Unfortunately, however, the estates belonging to the University are so meagre that there would not be scope for very wide results in this way.

The announcement of the name of the new Professor of Casuistical Divinity and Moral Theology naturally created considerable surprise. A general opinion among moderate men of many shades of opinion seems to be that the University ought to be glad to welcome a man of such power, but can scarcely help wishing that he came with less of a brand upon him. No matter what he is, the world has called him hard names in consequence of his published writings, and whether it is well for a University to go out of its way to select a man thus marked is a serious question. There is a tempting audaciousness in the choice, but the fascination of performing a bold deed has been known to carry men away from the safe line before now, men, too, quite as self-contained and stable as even the Professor of Modern History, who is generally credited with a considerable share in this result. It is for the electors to strike a just balance between their most serious responsibilities as the authorized appointers of an educational machine, and their wishes and desires as individual men. No one doubts the power and the charm of the object of their choice, and there can be no question of his favourable reception. If he makes use of his position to tell the world a little more distinctly what he means by some of the forms of expression which have raised an outcry of heresy against him, he will probably clear away from his name some clouds that hang about it now. But if he has been selected for the purpose of aiding in revolutionizing thought in the special subjects with which his name is connected, we had better have suffered another generation of well-meaning steadiness; for just at present the new questions are pressed quite home enough by external means, and repose for consideration under judicious leading is more what the University requires, than eager incitation to novel and hasty conclusions from the lips of appointed counsellors and guides.

The great event of the week has been, of course, the opening of the new buildings erected by the Union Debating Society. The members of that flourishing society are now housed in a most comfortable, and more than comfortable, suite of rooms of their own, and the opening ceremony was worthy of the buildings and of the occasion. The High Steward of the University, who has just proposed to augment the value of Browne medals for Greek and Latin epigrams, occupied the chair, and performed his part with the amiable good sense which characterizes all that Lord Powis does. Lord Houghton's inaugural address was most felicitous. Professor Fawcett was not so happy, in the opinion of his admirers. Professor Selwyn, on the other hand, was even better than himself. Most of his audience knew already something of his power of making an amusing and instructive

speech; but all were surprised by his vigour and happiness on this occasion. His *pose*, as he imitated with an impromptu umbrella the inelegant fixity of the sceptre of Ulysses, which that orator kept always at about an angle of 45° with the horizon as he spoke, was admirable; and the laughter was unquenchable when, in the course of reading an extract from Professor Smyth's Lecture on Ladies, he assumed a look of concentrated sentimentalism, such as proved him to be possessed of a marvellous power of moulding his features. The whole was as great a success as it could possibly have been, and the arrangements were perfect, reflecting the greatest credit on the managing committee. The Vice-Chancellor put the stamp of University approval on the proceedings by being present—a fact which elicited very hearty applause whenever it was alluded to; but there was a rather marked absence of heads of houses, only four or five being present.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE all-absorbing musical event of the week has been the Norwich Festival, which commenced on Monday and closed yesterday (Friday), being the fourteenth meeting since that of 1824, when it was first made triennial instead of annual. The festivals of Birmingham and Norwich have long since taken precedence over all other provincial music meetings; not only on account of the excellence of the performances, but because the proceedings at both those places are always marked by something new or of special interest. Birmingham has a long list of claims to distinction in this respect, the most important of which is the first production of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at the Festival of 1846; while to Norwich belongs the honour of having produced, for the first time in England, several of Spohr's great sacred works. The present Norwich Festival is marked by several features of special interest,—the chief of which are, the performance of "St. Cecilia," composed expressly for this occasion by Mr. Benedict, the conductor of the Festival; the production, for the first time in this country, of Handel's Passion music: a work that has long been among the manuscripts at Buckingham Palace, but was only printed within the last few years by the Leipzig Handel Society. Of these two works, the performance of which occurs so closely on our hour of publication, we must speak next week, confining ourselves at present to a notice of the proceedings of the first three days. The Festival commenced on Monday evening with Handel's "Israel in Egypt," reinforced with additional wind-instrument accompaniments by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, who has evinced no little hardihood in undertaking a task which, as in his own apologetic preface he says, was refused by Mendelssohn, who had written an organ part, deliberately considered with reference to Handel's instrumentation, so as not to disturb the balance of the score, as must almost necessarily be the case with an accompaniment played *extempore* in the usual way. Mr. Macfarren's excuse for his amplification of Handel is that his additions are intended for use on occasions when no organ is available—which reason, however, does not apply to the present performance, there being a rather powerful organ in St. Andrew's Hall, where the Festival is held. Mr. Macfarren has, unquestionably, considerable knowledge of orchestral effect and skilled practice in writing for a band; and his accompaniments are, in many places, productive of much additional resonance. We dissent, however, entirely from the wholesale alterations which he has made of Handel's original trumpet parts—on account, as Mr. Macfarren says, of their difficulty; a reason which we do not admit, as they are mostly within the compass of average orchestral players. His alterations of the oboe parts are more defensible; since in Handel's day it was the custom to use the oboes largely in mere reduplication of the violin passages; instead of employing them, as now, independently. While admitting, however, the large amount of practical talent evinced in Mr. Macfarren's additions, we should have preferred his having exercised a little more forbearance. Had he only thrown in some filling up of chords for wind instruments, for the better support of the large choruses to which we are now accustomed, and which could not be assembled in Handel's time, there would be little room for objection, as it would probably meet the requirements of great provincial choral societies assembling where there is no organ (though this is now rather a rare occurrence); but Mr. Macfarren has thrown in additional details of his own—cleverly done we admit, but scarcely a proceeding for any but a composer of acknowledged pre-eminence to attempt when even Mendelssohn declined it. Such a one as Mozart, indeed, may (as Mozart has in "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," and the "Messiah") scatter added beauties over the broad canvas of the original; but if such a precedent is to lead to a general imitation, and to establish the right of inferior hands to paint in details in a grand picture of a great master, we may have all the classical works strewn over with the most capricious interpolations.

The performance of "Israel" at Norwich on Monday night was generally good—better than could have been hoped for after the long and fatiguing rehearsal endured by solo singers, orchestra, and chorus during nearly the entire day. The illness of Mr. Sims Reeves prevented him from appearing, and gave opportunity for

Mr. Cummings again to prove (as he has often before done) his thorough readiness and ability to sing most efficiently the music that had been set down for Mr. Reeves. The other vocalists were Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Rudersdorff, Mdle. Anna Drasdil, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss, all well known excepting Mdle. Drasdil, who will certainly soon be heard more of. This young lady possesses a contralto voice of excellent quality, the tone pure and full without any approach to harshness, with true intonation and expressive style. She will prove a valuable acquisition in sacred music.

The miscellaneous concert of Tuesday evening calls for little remark. Mr. Sims Reeves was again absent, and his place again supplied by Mr. Cummings, whose refined singing of the graceful serenade from Felicien David's "Lalla Rookh" was one of the most successful things of the evening. Next to this, the greatest effect was made by a selection from Beethoven's septett admirably played by Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove, Paque, Lazarus, Hutchings, C. Harper, and Howell. The specialty of the programme, however, was a new overture, "In Memoriam," composed for the occasion by Mr. A. Sullivan—a composition exhibiting the same amount of talent and aptitude for orchestral effect that have been evinced by most of the productions of this young gentleman, but in which we fail to perceive any more motive or impulse for composition than a determined purpose to produce so many pages of music. There is neither novelty of idea nor of instrumental effect. There is much clever instrumentation; but this is only the mode of expressing musical thought, and however good, does not necessarily involve in itself the thought to be expressed. We readily admit that Mr. Sullivan has many of the technical requisites for a composer; but he wants ideas. It is of little use knowing how to speak or write well if one has nothing to say. At the concert of Tuesday evening, Signor Morini, from Paris, appeared, and gave an excellent reading of the tenor scena from Méhul's "Joseph." The other items of the concert call for no special mention, the chief interest of the Festival centreing in the morning performances.

On Wednesday morning, the day of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Costa's oratorio, "Naaman," was given, preceded by an Anthem of Spohr—one of this composer's more recent works, consisting of a short series of choral and solo movements, full of melodious beauty and refinement of style. In "Naaman" (which was conducted by its composer) Mr. Sims Reeves fulfilled his engagement, singing admirably, although perhaps not at his best, having evidently been suffering from illness. The performance of "Naaman" was generally excellent, the music deriving every advantage from the energies of the performers not having been exhausted during the day by rehearsals such as had taxed their strength on the Monday and Tuesday. Etiquette seems to forbid the unreserved expression of opinion in St. Andrew's Hall; but it was nevertheless quite evident that Mr. Costa's work gave great pleasure to the audience. It is unnecessary to go into the details of a work which we noticed on its production two years since—we need only say that the music of Adah, formerly sung by Mdle. Adelina Patti, was now admirably given by Mdle. Tietjens; that of Timna most expressively by Mdle. Anna Drasdil; Madame Rudersdorff being, as originally, the Shunamite woman; and (also as before) Mr. Sims Reeves, Naaman, Mr. Cummings, Gehazi, and Mr. Santley, Elisha.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S drama, "The Frozen Deep," produced for the first time at a regular theatre on Saturday last, when it was performed at the Olympic, is more deserving of notice as a literary than as a dramatic work. It is too delicate in idea, too slight and simple in construction, and too barren in incident for the rough wear and tear of an ordinary playhouse. As a drawing-room drama, written for distinguished literary amateur actors, and performed before friendly and royal audiences for a charitable object it was excellent; as the leading drama of the Olympic Theatre it is not so excellent, and can hardly prove a sound commercial venture. We ought to be amongst the last to discourage any London manager who shows a desire to attract purely literary works to the stage, and to add another to the three or four writers who provide the theatres with dramas. Our anxiety, however, to see dramatic literature improved, to see actors something more than mere accessories to panoramas and realistic scenes, to see passion and feeling more triumphant on the stage than the movements of pasteboard figures, a penny plain and twopence coloured, makes us resent any weak attempts at theatrical reform. The production of "The Frozen Deep" is a weak attempt. There is a flunkeyism in supposing that because the play was successful when performed by Mr. Charles Dickens and his friends under the conditions before mentioned—because it was commanded by Her Majesty—a fact weakly mentioned in a mixture of large type and italics in the playbill—it will equally suit an audience out of kid gloves, and accustomed to expect a large amount of amusement and excitement for a shilling.

"The Frozen Deep," like "The Lighthouse," was written by Mr. Wilkie Collins for the private theatricals at Mr. Charles Dickens's house in 1856 and 1857, and was first produced at Tavistock House on Twelfth night, 1857. The principal characters were represented by Mr. Charles Dickens and his family, the author, and a number of literary and artistic friends, the late Mr. Augustus Egg being the low comedian of the party. Literary

people being the last persons in the world to keep their mouths shut, the performance was almost as much discussed as if it had taken place at the Adelphi or the Haymarket, and the fame of Mr. Dickens's Richard Wardour—the sullen hero of "The Frozen Deep," spread far and wide. The death of Mr. Douglas Jerrold occurred in 1857, and "The Frozen Deep" was selected by Mr. Dickens and his party for certain amateur performances at Manchester and the Gallery of Illustration, London, which were given by these gentlemen for the benefit of Mrs. Jerrold. Mr. Collins's former drama, "The Lighthouse," written for the amateurs, found its way to the Olympic stage, with the late Mr. Robson in the chief character, this was followed by a drama that was not successful, "The Red Vial," written for the Olympic company and Mr. Robson, and now we have "The Frozen Deep," in many respects the weakest drama of the three. The first act is confined to women, the second act to men, and it is only in the third act that the two sexes are allowed to appear together. The story shows the struggle which a man of violent, sullen temper has with his better self, when tempted to murder his successful rival in love, and all that concerns this character, Richard Wardour, is written with great strength and delicacy. All the other parts, however, are mere sketches, more or less weak, if we except the heroine, Clara Burnham (now called Vernon), who now combines the superstitious attributes of an old nurse, cut out of the play as it was originally performed. The author's delicacy has utterly deserted him in drawing a comic character, and the humour of John Want, a ship's cook, not to use a stronger term, is very sepulchral. The part of Richard Wardour is now vigorously represented by Mr. Neville; Frank Aldersley, the successful lover, originally played rather feebly by the author, is only caricatured by Mr. Montague; Lieut. Crayford, the good genius of the piece, originally represented by Mr. Mark Lemon, is played in a terribly ungenial style by Mr. Horace Wigan, and Miss Lydia Foote is quite equal to all the author has given her to do as the heroine, Clara Vernon. The scenery is ambitious and ineffective and the costumes are unnatural and ridiculous. In the Arctic hut, in the second act, the men look like a group of Polar bears, and in a cavern on the coast of Newfoundland, in the third act, we have Regent-street millinery, "designed and superintended by Mrs. St. Henry," in full blossom.

Mr. Nation has opened Astley's Theatre with the Sadler's Wells' version of "Our Mutual Friend," called "The Golden Dustman." Mr. Atkins replaces Mr. Belmore as Wegg.

Mr. H. T. Craven's new drama at the Royalty Theatre, called "Meg's Diversions," is far inferior in strength of character to the same author's "Milky White." It is impossible to find much interest in the heroine, who is a weak-minded, wavering, unamiable girl, or in the humble hero, who is a fool with a few good qualities. The play is stagey, and the acting, with the exception of Mr. Wyndham's, who represents a crotchety squire, is either heavy or wanting in earnestness. Mr. Craven is a weak imitator of the late Mr. Robson.

A four-act comedy, adapted from "La Tentation," by M. Octave Feuillet, by Mr. John Oxenford, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, on Wednesday night, under the title of "A Dangerous Friend." Like all French comedies dealing with an objectional subject—with adultery, or adulterous impulses—it has to be mangled and weakened in the translation, and as a natural result, we get characters without sufficient motives of action, incidents that are half shown, half concealed, and generally a fuss about nothing. Mr. Oxenford has too much natural humour and scholarly taste to write bad dialogue, and the Haymarket company has too much talent for, and practice in, genteel comedy to spoil a piece in which there is any play of character. The success of "A Dangerous Friend" is due to these two causes. The story is the old one of a wife who has little sympathy with her husband's tastes, and who almost falls a victim to a seducer in seeking for a more agreeable companion. Mrs. Charles Mathews plays the wife, and we have never seen her act with more discretion. She was never wanting in force, but was generally deficient in judgment, and this great defect she seems in a fair way of getting rid of. Mr. Charles Mathews shows the perfection of easy, agreeable, natural acting in a light and slight part, and the piece serves to introduce a promising and very gentlemanly actor of light comedy, named Kendal, for the first time to a London public.

The proprietor of a large music-hall in the Edgware-road has laid himself open to a prosecution on the part of the theatrical monopolists, for the performance of a stage-play, called "Valentine and Orson," and has had to give an undertaking to cut out all the intellectual part of the entertainment—old Cumberland's dialogue—and to confine himself and his public to ballet girls and gew-gaw scenes.

SCIENCE.

THE simultaneous discovery of the planet Neptune, or rather prediction of its position, by Adams and Leverrier, was undoubtedly one of the most imposing triumphs ever accomplished by science. That from a trifling perturbation or deviation from the calculated motions in the planetary machinery, two philosophers, sitting in the recesses of their closets, should have first divined the existence, and next, by the successful integration and completion of numerical problems of enormous complexity and unheard-of length, determined the seat of the disturbing body they had *a priori* detected, is a feat which grows on the imagination the more attentively it is considered, and raises even in the

apathetic a sensation of wonder. Our countryman has recently achieved a fresh scientific conquest and carried off the laurel wreath from a crowd of competitors by a step in advance, which, equally remarkable as an intellectual feat with the discovery of Neptune, is probably pregnant with far greater consequences to the future of astronomy. It is well known that our determinations of the most important astronomical elements, viz., the magnitude, mass, and figure of the earth, and its distance from the sun and moon, have received most important corrections or confirmations from the application of astronomical investigation to the lunar motions. The "measuring-rod," the "one constant element," of astronomers hitherto—the sidereal day—is now threatened with dethronement, and appears likely to be shown to be no exception to that law of change which seems to be the universal law of the universe. In eclipses of the sun and moon we have phenomena so striking as to intrude themselves upon the observations of mankind, and shortly after the announcement of the theory of gravitation in the "Principia," Halley pointed out the valuable results to be attained by an examination of the eclipses recorded by the ancients, and expressed the opinion that such a scrutiny would show that the moon was now moving round the earth with a greater angular velocity than formerly. Dunthorne, in 1749, estimated that the acceleration might be expressed by $10'' t^2$, where t denotes the number of centuries before or after the epoch compared. Mayer, in 1753, made the acceleration $6''\cdot7$ in a century, but in 1770 raised his estimate to $9''$. Lalande, Bouvard, and Burg confirmed the results obtained by Dunthorne and Mayer. Laplace suggested three possible solutions, viz., 1, a continued retardation of the earth's annual motion; 2, the existence of a resisting medium; or 3, the non-instantaneous transmission of gravity. He was not satisfied with any of these solutions, and, in 1787, announced the true cause to be the secular variation of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. The effect of the sun's action is to diminish the earth's attractive influence over the moon, causing her to take a longer period in performing each revolution round her primary. When the earth is in or near perihelion, the sun's disturbing effect being greater than when she is in aphelion, the lunar month is longer in winter than in summer. Since the minor axis of the earth's orbit has been continually increasing since the earliest recorded observations, that of the major axis remaining unaltered, the extent of the ellipse, in which the earth moves, has been continually increasing, causing the presumption (confirmed by observation) that the sun's disturbing action has been lessening, and the earth's influence, and, with it, the moon's mean motion, increasing. Great misapprehension very extensively prevails as to the extent of ellipticity of the earth's orbit. Assuming the earth's mean distance from the sun to be 91,500,000 miles, her least distance is somewhat under 90,000,000, her greatest somewhat over 93,000,000, whilst the centre of her orbit is 1,533,600 miles from the sun. Such is the *eccentricity* of her orbit, but its *ellipticity* is comparatively insignificant. The major axis being 183,000,000, and the minor 182,974,000, the difference is less than 1-7000th, so that a finely-drawn circle 1 foot in diameter would differ from a correct representation of the earth's orbit by less than the thickness of its own bounding line. The eccentricity, the distance of the centre of the earth's orbit from the sun (1,533,600), will undergo an annual diminution of 40 miles for 23,950 years, when it will be reduced to 303,200 miles, and the semi-minor axis will only differ from the semi-major axis by about 500 miles. The average effect of the sun's action on the moon is to diminish her gravitation to the earth by 1-179th part. The diminution of the earth's influence over the moon during the month varies inversely as the cube of the earth's distance from the sun. But the eccentricity of the earth's orbit is constantly decreasing, causing a diminished diminution—that is an acceleration—of the moon's mean angular velocity. Laplace estimated the acceleration at $10''\cdot18$. Lagrange, Damoiseau, Plana, and Carlini, obtained similar results. Hansen obtained the value $11''\cdot93$, ultimately corrected to $12''\cdot55$. The concurrence of six of the greatest names in the history of mathematics seemed to stamp the question as decided. Not only so, however, but a comparison of the larger co-efficients obtained, with the dates of ancient eclipses, exhibited such a correspondence that no doubt could (or can) exist that the actual acceleration lies between $11''\cdot5$ and $13''$. So remarkable an accordance would have deterred most men from undertaking a task of such immense labour as the re-investigation of such a problem. Adams, however, subjected the question to a rigid scrutiny, and succeeded in detecting a cause of disturbance which Laplace and all who had followed him in the consideration of the problem had overlooked. Adams has shown that the problem requires the variability of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit to be taken into account, and the effect of this is to diminish considerably the co-efficient of the lunar acceleration. Pontécoulant and Leverrier pronounced unreservedly against Adams. Numbers of mathematicians took up the problem, and Plana, who had formerly declared against Adams, re-examined and reversed this decision: the final result of all these investigations being to place the correctness of Adams's views beyond dispute, and to assign $6''$ as the approximate value of the secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion. But the fact is that the moon advances $12''$ further in every century than she would have advanced if she had retained the same mean motion during the century as she had at the beginning, moving in each century $24''$ (or about 1-78th part of her own breadth) further than in the previous century. Theory, we have seen, accounts for only half of this amount, leaving the moon's displacement by about 1-156th part of her own breadth in each successive century to be explained. Are we to seek an

explanation in the possible effects of increments to the mass of the sun and moon from meteorites, or recur to the possible retardation of the earth's motion of rotation suggested parenthetically by Newton in the second edition of the "Principia"—"Halleus noster motum medium lunæ cum motu diurno terræ collatum paulatim accelerare primus omnium quod sciam deprehendit." Mayer pointed out in 1848 that the tides "do work" on earth necessarily equivalent to a loss of *vis viva* in the earth's motion of rotation, and M. Delaunay has now shown that this cause would probably account for the acceleration of 6" in a century. Thus, it appears, that our great standard time-keeper has in the last 2,000 years lost nearly an hour and a quarter, and is now losing one second in twelve weeks, compared with its rate 2,000 years ago—consequently, our day is lengthening and *will continue to do so until it is equal in length to the lunar day* that is to our lunar month. Even those, however, who have implicit faith in these figures need not greatly disturb themselves, for thirty-six billions of years must elapse before the consummation is finally attained. Such of our readers who may desire to learn further particulars of this great discovery, with its curious predicted consequences, may gratify their wishes by perusing a paper on the subject from the pen of Richard A. Proctor, in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*.

M. A. Bechamp has laid before the French Academy some very unexpected and curious particulars relating to the part played by chalk in lactic and butyric fermentation. Whilst studying the subject the question presented itself—whether the influence exerted by chalk in the phenomena was a purely chemical one, and restricted to maintaining the neutrality of the medium by its properties as carbonate of lime. Erenberg long ago showed that chalk really consisted for the most part of the fossil remains of microscopic beings of two families, named by him *Polythalamies* and *Nautilites*, at once so small and so plentifully distributed in the chalk that 100 grammes may contain two millions of them. This fact is sufficiently wonderful, but is altogether eclipsed in marvellousness by the discovery of M. Bechamp, viz., that in addition to these extinct creatures, chalk contains a number of adult and living, though doubtless very old, organisms, much more minute than any hitherto known, not excluding the infusoria or microphytes of fermentations. These organisms act with great energy as ferments, and are, in M. Bechamp's opinion, the most powerful known, from the wide range of organic substances in which they are capable of finding nourishment. Crush a portion of chalk from the centre of a block, mix with distilled water, and subject it to the magnifying power of Næchet's No. 7 eye-piece and No. 2 object-glass, and the field will exhibit brilliant points, often very numerous, and having a quick, trembling motion. Regarding these molecules as living organisms, the smallest he had ever seen, M. Bechamp had recourse to two kinds of tests to determine the problem. The first consists in proving these atoms to be ferments; the second in showing them to contain carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, in the organic state. A mixture, consisting of 420 grammes of starch paste, containing 20 grammes of starch, 30 grammes of chalk, and 4 drops of creosote; after standing a day, begins to liquefy, and the next day will be perfectly liquid, the soluble portions containing soluble fecula, and traces of dextrine. No such effect ensues under similar circumstances, when pure carbonate of lime is employed instead of chalk. From a more diluted mixture, allowed to ferment longer, carbonic acid and hydrogen were disengaged, and alcohol, butyric acid, crystallized acetate of soda, and crystallized lactate of lime, obtained from the products of reaction. Similar products were obtained from cane sugar treated with chalk. If moistened and heated to about 300°, the power of chalk to act as a ferment is destroyed. Limestone seems to have the same power of inducing fermentation as chalk. M. Bechamp purposes to name these microscopic chalk ferments, "*Microzyma cretæ*." He believes they are often associated with other ferments, and are, in fact, extensively distributed, existing in certain mineral waters, and also in cultivated earth, where they, doubtless, perform important functions, the probability being that numbers of molecules, hitherto supposed to be mineral, and animated by the Brownian movement, are in reality *microzyma*, and amongst others those found in the deposits of old wines.

Much has been written lately on the so-called ages of Stone, Bronze, and Iron, and the extent to which the use of these substances for weapons or implements affords materials, for founding a chronology, appears not unlikely to become a favourite tilting ground. Dr. Keller, in his recent work on the Swiss Lake Dwellings, has given utterance to some excellent critical remarks on the subject, which we conceive many archaeologists would be profited by studying:—"Many antiquaries divide bygone ages into the stone, the bronze, and the iron periods, and attribute any burials or settlements to one of these divisions, according to the exclusive or prevailing presence of implements of any one of the three materials which are the groundwork of this classification. This division, according to the grade of civilization, is in general clear and convenient; but in determining isolated cases, it leads to many false conclusions and errors. In the first place, it has throughout only a relative value—for instance, if we grant that the civilization of man actually ran its course through these periods, just as they are mentioned above; yet it is certain that the bronze period of northern Europe by no means agrees in time with that of the middle and southern parts of this continent. Again, the bronze age of Greece and Italy may be separated by centuries from that of Egypt, which we may consider as the cradle of civilization. We may safely conclude, as the Danish antiquaries themselves allow,

that in the Scandinavian countries stone implements were for a length of time continued in use, while the bronze period was in full activity in the more southern lands; and that Egypt, whose oldest monuments indicate very clearly the use of iron, and also Greece, had both advanced to the iron period when middle Europe was in the bronze age. If, therefore, according to the testimony of ancient authors and monuments, bronze and iron were used in the earliest ages in the countries round the Mediterranean, the commencement of these periods in the inland and northern parts of Europe, was regulated entirely by the greater or less amount of intercourse between these countries, and those to whom we are indebted for a knowledge of these materials so essential to civilization. We may even at the present day observe a similar irregularity in the distribution of the products of higher civilization and art. In the second place, this kind of division gives us no positive certainty, for in very few of the burial places, still less in the regular settlements, are the remains found, so purely distinctive as to enable us conclusively to attribute them to any one of the three periods. The materials on which this division is based are mixed to such a degree, that in nine cases out of ten the antiquary remains undecided as to what period of civilization he should assign a grave or a settlement. An object very commonly, both in form and material, bears the character of different periods; or it may be a specimen useless in deciding the age, being found in settlements of all the three periods. Thus the stone celt is an unsafe guide in determining the period of civilization, though it strictly represents the stone period, because it occurs in all stages of the bronze age, and is not unfrequently found associated with iron instruments and weapons. It is very certain that at least in Switzerland, there was no hard line of demarcation between the three periods, but that the new materials were spread abroad like any other article of trade, and that the more useful tools gradually superseded those of less value."

As long ago as 1836 Doyere described the ending of a motor nerve upon a muscle in *Tardigrada*, stating that it terminated in a conical expansion, the base of the cone being attached to the muscle. Quatrefages and other observers confirmed the conical ending of one fibre at its contact with another, but the muscle was in all cases of the unstriped kind, and whether the joining fibre was a nerve was held doubtful. In 1860, as is well known, Dr. Beale described a totally different mode of ending, viz., by loops. Kolliker, Rouget, and Krause confirmed the statements of Dr. Beale, but the two latter observers have subsequently described the nerves as terminating upon the muscles. In 1864 Dr. Beale re-affirmed his views, and described the nerves as terminating in a nucleated network outside the sarcolemma. Dr. Moxon, in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, supports the statements of Doyere, and particularly calls attention to the larvæ of the common gnat. The antennal nerve having a neurilemma-sheath furnished with nuclei, proceeds from the antennal lobe of the insect's cephalic ganglion; at some distance from the base of the chitinous antennæ, the nerve expands to form a long spindle-shaped ganglion, full of ganglion cells, and in this ganglionic condition enters the antennæ, the cells still discernible through the chitin. About two-thirds of the distance from the encephalon to the ganglion the nerve gives, at right-angles to its own course, a branch smaller than itself; this proceeds at once to the outer edge of the antennal muscle, and joins it. The motor nerve is just long enough to allow the muscle free play in its contractions. At the point where the motor antennæ nerve leaves the sensory antennal nerve there is a corpuscle, whether neurilemmar or not Dr. Moxon does not undertake to decide. There are also two nuclear corpuscles close to the end of the nerve on the muscle. The union of the neurilemma and sarcolemma is a direct continuity. The muscle in contracting preserves a straight border beautifully distinct from the sinuous folds into which the sarcolemma is thrown, especially during intense contraction, when it becomes quite wrinkled, and this to a much greater extent on the side to which the nerve is attached. The sarcolemma and the neurilemma are thus continuous with each other, and the nervous contents of the neurilemma are continuous with a pelucid material disposed between the sarcous substance and the sarcolemma. The large proportionate size of the nerve is worthy of remark, as it is in striking contrast with the much smaller relative size of the nerves of the muscles of the trunk in the same insects. The antennæ are being constantly protruded and withdrawn, and in serving their purpose of sensory organs, must be held under very complete and direct control by their muscles. It has been shown by Mr. Hilton that the nerves of muscles are large in proportion to the frequency and delicacy with which the muscles are required to act, and the large size of the antennal nerve in the larvæ of the gnat is a case in point.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

WE have again no change to chronicle in the money market. The Bank rate remains at 4½ per cent., and the discount department is consequently almost completely idle, since, in the open market, bills can be readily negotiated at terms varying from 3¼ to 4½ per cent. Within the last day or two, however, the demand has somewhat increased, partly through

the requirements for loans on the Stock Exchange in connection with the fortnightly settlement in foreign stocks and shares, and partly from the apprehension that some amounts of gold will be taken for shipment to the Continent. The chief reason for this view is, of course, the state of foreign exchanges. The quotation for Paris, the most important of all, has latterly been falling, the movement being unfavourable for this country, but, as yet at least, the change is of comparative unimportance. The international trade between England and France has risen to such large proportions since the commercial treaty that it is not extraordinary that a temporary advance or decline in the rate of exchange should occur at more or less short intervals. An extra purchase of goods on one side or the other, and a consequent abundance or scarcity in the bills offering, will afford ample explanation for such alterations, without the necessity of ascribing them to an extraneous demand for bullion, whether in London or Paris. It is possible that a few small sums may be sent over, but, to all appearances, nothing that can materially affect our own market. A more important consideration is the probability of a revival in the shipments of specie to the East. The question, of course, entirely rests upon the ultimate yield of the cotton crop in America. As usual, the evidence is very conflicting; but we have one guide that rarely proves at fault. Prices of late have been rising considerably, and when this is the case it is easy to draw a tolerably accurate deduction. Whatever may be the causes, there can be no doubt that the supply from the Southern States will be much less than at one time anticipated, and hence the deficiency will have to be made up from India or Egypt. For the moment Brazil may be set aside, the effect of the tedious war in which she has somewhat precipitately engaged being of course materially adverse to her powers of production. The question then remains—how far will our purchases of cotton in the East act upon our specie reserves?

To take Egypt first. That country is for the moment almost deprived of a metallic currency. There is no coin to be got, and the greatest difficulty is experienced in settling the most ordinary transactions of daily commerce. Specie is occasionally sent to Alexandria from Vienna and Marseilles; but the demand for export is so great that whatever arrives is speedily taken for reshipment to England. The causes for this movement depend almost entirely on the large payments necessitated for the dividends and sinking funds of the Anglo-Egyptian Loans, and on the expenditure, warlike and luxurious, of the Viceroy in Europe generally. For some months the balance of trade has been against Egypt; but a good cotton crop—and there is every reason to anticipate an abundant one—combined with a heavy demand for the staple from England, France, and Germany will soon turn the scale. Instead of exporting coin, Egypt will then import it, and the same result will probably be experienced as in the gloomiest period of the American civil war. The East is as yet too backward in civilization to understand the true use of capital, and that the worst thing to be done with money is to bury it in a secluded spot of the garden. At the present time, however, the propensity for hoarding is as strong among Oriental minds as ever, and therefore the fellahs of Egypt will be determined to sell their cotton for nothing but gold, which will straightway be hidden away until the necessities of the owner compel him to dig it up.

Much the same sort of feeling exists in India, but it is gradually giving way to the march of progress. The Hindoos are shrewd enough to perceive that money can be employed to better purpose than being locked up in jewels and hoards of silver rupees. Confidence was the only thing needed, and as that is proverbially a plant of slow growth, it has taken generations to be developed, and, even now, the Eastern standard, notwithstanding the proofs of the stability of our rule, is far below the European. In the districts less open to external influences there prevails partially, but still, to a considerable degree, the same kind of individual distrust that in former times was universally felt. In these outlying places, and from them it should be remembered we get the chief part of our increased cotton supplies, the small savings of the peasant or farmer are carefully put by in specie. Thus any sums that by such fortuitous events as a sudden and unexpected demand for cotton will provide, for a longer or shorter period, disappear from circulation. No doubt these amounts will in the end come back into general use, but the inconvenience for the time is not the less felt. If, therefore, it should turn out that the American crop is so scanty as to require heavy supplies from the East, we must prepare for a nearly corresponding absorption of specie.

There is one contingency that might prevent this event, but in that case the remedy would be worse than the evil. The

last returns of our trade have been unfavourable, and of course a decrease in exports of manufactures will diminish imports of raw material. This, however, would be equivalent to a stoppage of trade, against which the maintenance of even a high rate of discount would be thought of no consequence. In the money market, as everywhere else, extremes are invariably hurtful. The Bank has contrived to give us a specimen of the one sort by keeping their rate of discount at 10 per cent. for over three months for no conceivable reason but the observance of an antiquated crotchet. The commercial world, on the other hand, has become so discouraged by the artificial pressure thus caused, that it has narrowed all engagements, abstained from enterprise, and reduced business to the narrowest limits. Still, these things cannot be done at once, and hence the contraction almost invariably happens at a period when the necessity for it is past. Thus, in November, we are feeling the effects of the panic initiated six months ago, although to all appearances it had become almost forgotten.

The stock markets improve but very slowly, even if they can be said to improve at all. The dislike of the public to embark in railway securities is more and more marked, although investors in good stocks may be readily found. For instance, a recent issue of New Zealand bonds of £100,000 has been subscribed for more than ten times over, and the scrip is quoted at a considerable premium. An extraordinary distrust, however, prevails with regard to the companies of comparatively recent formation. Although no one can say a word against their stability, everybody is shy of buying their shares, and this happens especially with regard to those undertakings that not long ago commanded an extraordinary amount of popular favour.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25f. 17½c. per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about the same price in London and in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight was on the 26th ult. 161 per cent., and the price of gold 146½ per cent. At these rates there is little if any profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

The following notification has appeared from the Bank of England: "Bank of England, 1st November, 1866.—Notice is hereby given, that in order to prepare the dividends due on the 5th January, 1867, the balances of the several accounts in the following funds will be struck on the night of Saturday, the 1st December, 1866, viz.:—£3 per Cent. Consolidated Annuities; New £5 per Cent. Annuities; New £3. 10s. per Cent. Annuities, 1854; New £2. 10s. per Cent. Annuities; Annuities for Terms for Years; India 5 per Cent. Stock. On Monday, the 3rd December, the above-named Funds will be transferable without the dividend due on the 5th January next. East India Stock—Shut, Friday, 7th December, 1866. Open, Monday, 7th January, 1867."

Thursday, the day appointed for the half-yearly balance at the Bank of England, was observed as a close holiday at the Stock Exchange.

The London Stock and Share Company have issued the catalogue of their first public sale by auction, on Tuesday next. It comprises 470 lots, of which 158 are railway stocks, shares, or debentures, and the remainder bank, insurance, finance, hotel, and miscellaneous shares.

The *Manchester Examiner* says "that the continuance of the present state of affairs is weekly leading to an extension of the short-time movement, and as existing orders are exhausted, this system of protection to producers will no doubt extend."

A dividend of 5s. in the pound, it is believed, will be shortly announced by the official liquidators of Overend, Gurney, & Co.

At a recent meeting of the shareholders in the Mercantile and Exchange Bank, held at Liverpool, a statement, submitted by the chairman, referred to the past career of the undertaking, and suggested a plan for reconstruction. No resolution was agreed to, but circulars are to be forwarded to the proprietors to ascertain their views on the subject.

At a meeting of the Continental Union Gas Company, held on Monday, a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum was declared on the preference shares, and of 8 per cent. per annum, or 4 per cent. for the six months ending June 30, leaving a balance of £620. 2s. to be carried forward. The directors have made a call of £5 on the ordinary shares, payable by two equal instalments on the 22nd November and the 30th December.

Letters from Paris mention the departure of Baron Gustave de Rothschild for Spain. M. Pinard, who is at the head of the Comptoir d'Escompte, proposes to its shareholders to double the capital of the company. The emission of the new shares is to be at the rate of 625 f. each, 500 f. of which will go to the capital of 40 millions, whilst the 125 f. will be added to the reserve, which amounts to 10 million francs.

Telegrams from China mention that "Nineteen boxes of bullion, the property of the Agra Bank, had been seized on board the mail steamer, under a warrant from Shanghai." It appears that the amount in question was only £10,000, and that, although shipped in the name of the Agra Bank, it is the property of another establishment.

The Bank of Prussia has reduced its rate of discount from 5 to 4½ per cent.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECHES.*

THIS republication of Mr. Gladstone's Speeches on Parliamentary Reform during 1866 contains nine addresses—eight delivered in the House of Commons, and one at a public meeting held in the Liverpool Amphitheatre. In the appendix we have a report of his celebrated speech on Mr. Baines's Bill in 1864, and copies of his letters to the London Working Men's Association, to Mr. Hugessen in reference to the conduct of Sir E. Dering in voting for Lord Dunsink's Amendment, and to Mr. Horsfall, of Manchester. The last of these documents is remarkable for an explicit declaration that the late Chancellor of the Exchequer does not agree in the demand either for Manhood or Household Suffrage, and although it is dated on the 8th of August, we are bound to accept its republication at the present time as an indication that the right hon. gentleman has seen no reason to change his views, and that he still adheres in principle to the measure which he introduced, and of which he was the eloquent exponent. No one who heard the speeches which Mr. Gladstone delivered in the House of Commons—still less any one who calmly reads them as they stand in the volume before us—will be surprised that such should be the case. For although he did on more than one occasion speak of the extension of the franchise which he was then advocating, as but a moderate concession to the fair demands of the working classes, he never gave the slightest countenance either to the theories upon which the Reform League have based their agitation, or to those vehement attacks upon the character and the working of our institutions with which the name of Mr. Bright is identified. We are indeed aware that in the 1864 speech he is supposed to have propounded what many persons considered the dangerous and revolutionary doctrine that the *onus probandi* lies upon those who would exclude the working classes from the suffrage. But the truth is, that he never did anything of the kind. Labouring under the impression which the statistics then available seemed to warrant, that not more than one-fiftieth of the working classes had votes, he contended that "it is on those who say it is necessary to exclude forty-nine-fiftieths that the burden of proof rests; that it is for them to show the unworthiness, the incapacity, and the misconduct of the working classes in order to make good their argument that no larger portion of them than this should be admitted to the franchise." He did not argue, as he is often represented to have done, that the working classes, as a body, had a *prima facie* right to enfranchisement; but merely that their nearly total exclusion from the pale of the constitution—looking to their general intelligence, loyalty, and patriotism—was a thing that nothing but the most urgent necessity could justify. There is not a single word in the speech inconsistent with the "advertisement" by which it was prefaced on subsequent publication; and we have there a distinct declaration that the Legislature "should exclude those with respect to whom it might appear that though no personal unfitness can be alleged against them, yet political danger might arise from their admission, as for example, through the disturbance of the equilibrium of the constituent body, or through virtual monopoly of power in a single class." A careful perusal of these speeches will, we think, convince any one who approaches the subject in a candid spirit, that from first to last Mr. Gladstone's position has been that of a moderate reformer; that he has never lost sight of the practical exigencies of our complicated and highly artificial state of society; and that while earnestly desiring to give the working classes a real and a fair share of influence and power, he has been always alive to the danger of giving them a monopoly of power. We will not undertake to say that in the heat of debate careless or inaccurate expressions, which are capable of the distortion they have received from Conservative writers and speakers, may not have fallen from him. It is too much to expect that any man should, throughout a long and bitter oratorical conflict always use language precisely corresponding to his meaning,—exactly conveying and not in any way exaggerating it. But after once more reading these speeches, we are surprised to find how very few expressions of the kind can be found in them. Those which are usually cited as proofs of the extreme opinions or democratic tendencies of the speaker, can certainly only be made to serve that purpose by a process of interpretation as unfair as that which Lord Cranbourne and Lord Lytton applied to that which is well known as the right honourable gentleman's "flesh and blood" argument. There are many persons who believed during the debates of the last session—there are probably many who still believe—that Mr. Gladstone used the fact that the working classes are our own "flesh and blood" as a reason why the Government Bill should be passed. The truth is, however, that he simply used it by way of reproof to those who had adopted towards our labouring fellow-countrymen a tone of contempt and hostility, as unjust in itself as it was likely to be injurious in its consequences. This is one of the delusions which the republication of his speeches will probably dissipate. Another to which it should also be fatal, is the idea that Mr. Gladstone habitually employed language of a dictatorial kind to the House of Commons. It is not for his friends to set about the impossible task of proving a negative, but we shall be surprised if any Conservative reviewer, with this book in his hand, should reiterate such a charge and undertake to make it good.

* Speeches on Parliamentary Reform in 1866. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for South Lancashire. With an Appendix. London: Murray.

We cannot in this portion of our paper enter upon any detailed review of the Reform debates of last session—still less can we discuss the policy pursued either by the Government or the Opposition. We have here to deal with the orator rather than the statesman—to estimate Mr. Gladstone's merits as a master of language rather than his claims to confidence as a political leader. For such an estimate these speeches furnish ample materials, for they exhibit the right hon. gentleman in many different lights. His speech on introducing the Reform Bill is a good specimen of his powers of exposition. There is little argument in it, and, with the exception of a short passage towards the close, it contains nothing that can be called eloquent. It is confined to a statement of the grounds, the objects, and the anticipated operation of the Government Bill. The only merit aimed at is lucidity, and this is perfectly attained. There is the same clear grasp of principles combined with the same easy mastery of details, for which the right hon. gentleman's budget speeches have always been conspicuous, and by which, beyond any other of his contemporaries, he can make the explanation of a large and complicated subject, not only intelligible but interesting to a large and miscellaneous assembly like the House of Commons. In his speech at the Liverpool Amphitheatre we have Mr. Gladstone as a platform orator—a capacity in which we think he shows to far less advantage than as a debater in the House of Commons. On the platform his facility of expression often betrays him into a redundancy of language. His sentences are frequently of inordinate length. His points are not made with sharpness and incisiveness. High as he can rise under the stimulus of discussion—and probably because he can do so—he is not independent of it. Even about his best speeches at public meetings there is a certain flatness, which makes them compare very unfavourably with those of Mr. Bright, who reigns supreme in this department. The Liverpool speech is as favourable a specimen of Mr. Gladstone's "extra-Parliamentary utterances" as we have ever met with; but, still, any one who turns from that to his reply on Lord Grosvenor's amendment will see how immeasurably the latter is superior in point of style. This is, indeed, in Mr. Gladstone's highest and most effective manner; and those who heard it will long recollect the impression which was produced upon the House by more than one passage of the greatest power and felicity. In one of the finest of these—unfortunately too long for extract—Mr. Gladstone contrasted his own career and his own position in reference to the Liberal party with the career and the position of Lord Russell, and offered for the shortcomings of his political youth a frank and manly apology which evoked a display of enthusiasm on the Ministerial benches rarely witnessed in the House of Commons. The peroration is perhaps even still finer, and we cannot resist the temptation to quote it:—

"But a very few words more, and I have done. May I speak briefly to honourable gentlemen on the other side, as some of them have copiously addressed advice to gentlemen on this side of the House? I would ask them, Will you not consider, before you embark in this new crusade, whether the results of those other political crusades, in which you have heretofore engaged, have been so satisfactory to you as to encourage you to a new venture in the same direction? Great battles you have fought; and fought them manfully. The battle of maintaining civil disabilities on account of religious belief; the battle of resistance to the first Reform Act; the obstinate and long-continued battle of Protection; all these great battles have been fought by the great party that I now look in the face; and, as to some limited portion of those conflicts, I admit my own share of the responsibility. But I ask again, have their results—have their results towards yourselves, been such as that you should be disposed to renew struggles similar to these? Certainly those who compose the Liberal party in British politics have, at least in that capacity, no reason or title to find fault. The effect of your course has been to give over to your adversaries for five out of every six, or for six out of every seven years, since the epoch of the Reform Act, the conduct and management of public affairs. The effect has been to lower, to reduce, and contract your just influence in the country, and to abridge your legitimate share in the administration of the Government. It is good for the public interest that you also should be strong. But if you are to be strong, you can only be so by showing, in addition to the kindness and the personal generosity which, I am sure, you feel towards the people, a public, a political trust and confidence in the people. What I now say can hardly be said with an evil motive. I am conscious of no such sentiment towards any man or any party. But, sir, we are assailed, and with us the Bill, of which we think more seriously than of ourselves. This Bill is in a state of crisis and of peril, and the Government along with it. We stand or fall with it, as has been declared by my noble friend, Lord Russell. We stand with it now; we may fall with it a short time hence. If we do so fall, we, or others in our places, shall rise with it hereafter. I shall not attempt to measure with precision the forces that are to be arrayed against us in the coming issue. Perhaps the great division of to-night is not to be the last, but only the first of a series of divisions. At some point of the contest you may possibly succeed. You may drive us from our seats. You may slay, you may bury, the measure that we have introduced. But we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment,—

'Exoriere aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.'

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you; they work with us; they are marshalled in our support. And the banner which we

now carry in the fight, though perhaps, at some moment of the struggle, it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory."

This speech is not, however, remarkable only, or even chiefly, for its eloquence. It is a masterpiece of clear, cogent reasoning, and considered as the summing up of a fortnight's debate, it shows in a very striking manner Mr. Gladstone's possession of one great qualification for the post of leader. It is a long speech, but not a line of it is occupied with trivial or unimportant topics. On the other hand, all the important arguments used on the other side during the discussion are dealt with, sometimes briefly, sometimes at greater length—but always with the rapidity, the directness, the fire, and the unerring sharpness and certainty of stroke which characterize a first-rate debater. At the same time there runs through it a certain elevation and generosity of tone, not only in reference to the matter in hand, but towards his opponents, which great debaters do not always exhibit, but in which Mr. Gladstone is seldom wanting. Upon the whole, we do not know any single speech which we should with greater confidence recommend to the perusal of any one who desires to acquire some knowledge of the style and powers of one who is confessedly the first Parliamentary orator of our time.

The speeches on the Redistribution of Seats Bill, and on Captain Hayter's amendment are, perhaps, the least striking in the volume. That on Lord Dunkellin's amendment—in favour of the substitution of a rating for a rental qualification—is remarkable as a specimen of Mr. Gladstone's power of following out a subject into its smallest ramifications, and turning it, to use a popular phrase, "inside out." As a collection of great speeches, delivered during a series of great debates, this volume possesses unquestionable interest. But after all, its main interest lies in the breadth, the power, and the completeness with which the case in favour of a moderate measure of Parliamentary Reform is here stated and supported. It is a perfect storehouse of facts and arguments in reference to that question, which has probably never been treated from a greater number of different points of view, or expounded with greater affluence and ingenuity of reasoning and illustration than in the speeches of Mr. Gladstone.

CONINGTON'S TRANSLATION OF THE ÆNEID.

GAWIN DOUGLAS, Bishop of Dunkeld, published in the year 1553 a translation of the "Æneid" of Virgil into "Scottish verse." Warton describes the translation as being executed with equal spirit and fidelity; but Hallam, in commenting upon his criticism, adds the remark, "that no Englishman, without guessing at every other word, could understand the long passage which Warton quotes." Those who love to dig out coincidences, which is with some persons a mania, as it was with Mr. Peter Magnus, will have the gratification of remarking that after the lapse of rather more than three hundred years, John Conington, Latin Professor, of Oxford, publishes his translation of the "Æneid," in "Scottish verse," if we may give that name to the characteristic metre which the author of "Marmion" wedded so closely to tales of Scottish chivalry.

But we hasten to assure Professor Conington that not the most fanatical desire to push the coincidence could make us describe his book as unintelligible to Englishmen, although we have great pleasure in resuming the parallel once more, and we frankly apply to his version the praise of "being executed with equal spirit and fidelity."

Now these are, indeed, the days of translations. Both "dowagers and deans" try their hands at Greek plays; our statesmen and our astronomers join in friendly rivalry over the "Iliad"; our Poet Laureate does not disdain just to dip his wings in these waters; our young scholars have won a reputation in them that survives, alas! one short life, at least, and not a few *dilettanti* dabble in this pursuit, while some have taken to it as a solace for the gout. One cannot go over the large field of such attempts, with their occasional successes, without feeling most strongly how true it is—

"mediocribus esse poetis
Non Di non homines non concessere columnæ."

And in this belief we become cautiously critical; nay, it is not impossible that we are sometimes captious and hard to please. Yet in spite of this readiness to mark what is done amiss, we enjoy all the more a translation which we can have no doubt about praising. Such a one is Professor Conington's present volume. He has made a "decided hit." It is something like a little triumph to produce a version of the Æneid, which the scholar can appreciate for its fidelity, and which those who are not classical scholars can take up and read with enjoyment, carried along by the story, and saved from weariness by the liveliness of the metre.

In a preface of remarkable modesty, the Professor gives expression to the doubt whether Dryden's translation of the Æneid leaves room for another imitator, the characteristic of that version being, as he shows, its real poetical spirit; that "inner identity" with his author, "which far outweighs a thousand points of

external similarity," such as we at first sight look for in a close translation. In Dryden's dedication to his patron, we remember he writes—"Lay by Virgil, I beseech your lordship and all my better sort of judges, when you take my version, and it will appear a passable beauty when the original muse is absent." Professor Conington might without any risk write in his preface—"Take your Virgil, all my better sort of judges, and compare the translation with the original, that you may see how faithful is the rendering." But as he will not say this for himself, we must say it for him, adding that we think that he has reduced to a minimum the translator's plea that "some defects are covered by the verse, as Erichonius rode always in a chariot to hide his lameness." Whether the metre selected be absolutely the best for representing the great Roman epic is a question difficult to answer. We feel with our translator that of the heroic couplet Dryden must still be allowed to enjoy the monopoly; that a success in blank verse is the prize of some great master of poetic diction; that the Spenserian stanza is too much trammelled by its own metrical rules to suit the irregular and complicated periods of Virgil, and for our own part we have little doubt but that the "Marmion" metre, with its rapidity of movement, its facility of change and its lyrical pathos, is distinctly the best dress in which to present the poet before English readers, although it is hardly adequate for the rendering of some of the sublimer passages of the original.

Before we offer a few specimens from this volume, there is a question which many will like to have answered, "How far is this a literal translation?" And a comparison with the Latin will make it evident that it is "literal" in the best sense; that without "padding" to fill up the lines, and without omission under the pressure of difficulties, the English closely retains the outline, and indeed much of the colouring of the original. Nay, there are not a few places where without an evident effort, the Professor has deftly slipped in some rendering which draws out a subtle sense from the Latin, or which serves as a distinct critical comment upon a doubtful passage. In b. xi. Diomed describes Ægisthus' treachery at Agamemnon's return from the conquest of Troy, by the words,—

"Devictam Asiam subseedit adulter."

Many pages of notes have been written in explanation of this, but we can accept Mr. Conington's rendering here as translation and comment too.

"As Asia sinks in fight subdued,
The paramour takes up the feud."

Again—

"Quisque suos patimur manes."

though expanded into two lines, is exactly rendered by—

"Each for himself, we all sustain
The durance of our ghostly pain."

The words which Dido utters to her sister—

"Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem
Et perferre, soror, potero"

are not unfrequently misinterpreted by careless scholars; here we have a version that is both terse and accurate.

"Enough; my heart foresaw this ill,
And, sister, I shall bear it still."

We give next a spirited description of Pyrrhus from b. ii. :—

"Fell in the gate see Pyrrhus blaze,
A meteor, shooting steely rays:
So flames a serpent into light,
On poisonous herbage fed,
Which late in subterranean night,
Through winter lay as dead:
Now from its ancient weeds undressed,
Invigorate and young,
Sunward it rears its glittering breast
And darts its three-forked tongue."

Perhaps there are few passages better known to those whose acquaintance with Virgil is but slight than the description of Fame; about whom even Parliamentary scholars can quote the line, "Vires acquirit eundo." It is a good specimen of our translator's power of elaborate painting :—

"Now through the town of Libya's sons
Her progress Fame begins,
Fame than who never plague that runs
Its way more swiftly wins.
Her very motion lends her power:
She flies and waxes every hour.
At first she shrinks and cowers for dread
Ere long she soars on high;
Upon the ground she plants her tread,
Her forehead in the sky.
Wroth with Olympus, parent Earth
Brought forth the monster to the light,
Last daughter of gigantic birth,
With feet and rapid wings for flight.
Huge, terrible, gigantic Fame!
For every plume that clothes her frame
An eye beneath the feather peeps,
A tongue rings loud, an ear upleaps."

* The Æneid of Virgil, translated into English verse by John Conington, M.A. Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Longmans & Co.

The last four lines seem to be a peculiarly picturesque rendering of the well-known

"Cui, quot sunt corpore plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi subter," &c.

If we were disposed to find fault, we should fix upon the third line of the passage, in which elegance, at any rate, is sacrificed to the desire of being literal. Nor does the metre seem less suitable, nor Mr. Conington less capable of doing justice to a pathetic passage. Dido's bitter recriminations against Æneas are thus given:—

"No goddess bore you, traitorous man,
No Dardanus your race began.
No—'twas from Caucasus you sprung,
And tigers nursed you with their young.
Why longer wear the mask, as though
I waited for some heavier blow?
Heaved he one sigh at tears of mine?
Moved he those hard, impassive eyne?
Did one kind drop of pity fall
At thought of her who gave him all?
What first? what last? Now, now I know
Queen Juno's self has turned my foe:
Not e'en Saturnian Jove is just;
No faith on earth, in heaven no trust."

We must find space for one more passage, describing the death of Euryalus, the bosom friend of Nisus, from the famous episode in b. ix.—

"Down falls Euryalus, and lies
In death's enthralling agonies:
Blood trickles o'er his limbs of snow,
His head sinks gradually low:
Thus severed by the ruthless plough,
Dim fades a purple flower:
Their wearied necks so poppies bow
O'erladen by the shower.
But Nisus in the midst flies,
With Volscens, Volscens, in his eyes:
In clouds the warriors round him rise,
Thick hailing blow on blow.
Yet, on he bears, no stint, no stay;
Like thunderbolt his falchion's sway:
Till, as for aid the Rutule shrieks
Plunged in his throat the weapon reeks;
The dying hand has reft away
The lifeblood of his foe.
Then, pierced to death, asleep he fell
On the dead breast he loved so well."

In a book which evinces so much general good taste, we feel disposed to object to one or two expressions which seem to savour of pedantry. Such words as "propulsion," "palæstral," "parasitic," offend in a verse translation like this; and we well understand how the same hand which adopts them, is responsible for such a translation as "clamorous demonstration" for "magno clamore." In a second edition we should like to see all approach to "newspaper language" cleared away. However, these are but notes to find in our author's eye, nor do they detract from the satisfaction with which we commend this translation to scholars, that they may see a favourite author honourably represented; and to all others who have a fancy for reading for the first time what Virgil wrote, or for refreshing their Virgilian memories. We will do more. We will ask to have the volume brought out of the library into the drawing-room, where not a few fair readers, who have thrilled at the gallantry of Marmion, or wept over the end of the "injured Constance," will read with delight of the fates of Æneas, and the unhappy love of Dido.

SERMONS, WRITTEN OR EXTEMPORE.*

THE controversy as to the superiority of extempore preaching over written sermons is an instructive instance of the extremes to which disputants will sometimes go in riding their hobbies. They look, perhaps, at the question from a one-sided point of view, or through the light of their own particular experience; or it may be tinged with party feeling, and decided as though it admitted only of a categorical "yes" or "no." A little reflection, however, ought to make it evident that, as regards sermons, both forms—the extempore and the written—are useful; that each has its peculiar excellences, different, it is true, from those of the other, but not, therefore, necessarily in conflict with them. Each, moreover, has its proper sphere, and hands which, either by nature or practice, are fitted to use it with skill. That no invidious comparison need be instituted between the two methods of instruction, as methods, becomes further manifest when we take for comparison extreme cases of either kind. The elegantly written Melville sermon is well adapted for edification; but not less so may be the eloquent appeal of such a finished orator as the Bishop of Oxford; and, for a like reason, may the ill-digested, ill-worded, and illogical, extempore or written discourses, of every young clergyman who attempts to instruct his seniors without due care and study bestowed on preparation, be both pronounced equally execrable. The question, therefore, of the superiority or inferiority of extempore preaching to written sermons, resolves itself, practically, into that of the

relative values of oratory and prose composition—a point on which it would be as difficult to arrive at a correct conclusion as, perhaps, it would to decide whether the men or the women were the better half of humanity.

But the demand that a clergyman should in this, the true sense of the word, be prepared to speak extempore is very different from requiring that extempore sermons should generally take the place of written discourses, or than maintaining that they are better than the written. No doubt, if every extempore preacher took as much pains with his discourses as Mr. Zincke does, pulpit instruction in that form would at this day be more useful and more popular than it is. But there are few who walk in Mr. Zincke's footsteps. It is notorious that the extemporizing gift is far more commonly a temptation to its possessor to be satisfied with a slovenly preparation, consisting often of no more than the selection of a text and a few heads of arrangement of the subject. And of two slovenly sermons, one written and the other extempore, there can be no question that the extempore is the worse. But we must be cautious that, because the extemporizing faculty is abused in our churches by unskilful and self-confident novices, we do not run into the opposite extreme, and condemn it altogether. The power of eloquence in every appeal to the understanding and the affections is too great and too valuable to be lightly estimated, and wherever a true orator, born such or shaped by practice, is found in the Church, he should be prized, put in his true position, and properly rewarded. There are also men, gifted with the educating faculty and a fair command of words, whose written discourses would be heavy; but once place them in the position of the lecturer giving oral instruction, and all his expositions will become clear, full, and level to the plainest understanding. It is folly, therefore, to raise a general outcry against extempore preaching as such, or against written sermons as such. To the gifts and capabilities of each preacher trained properly for his pulpit work, as he ever should be, must the kind of sermon he is to deliver be adapted. And it must also be remembered that, if the extempore sermon possesses peculiar advantages derived from its eloquence and familiar lecture style, written discourses, on the other hand, are much more to be relied on where accuracy of statement and a careful working out of a difficult argument is desired. The whole difficulty which arises from the present abuse of extempore speaking, in our opinion, could easily be got rid of, were a rule to be made in the Church that no young clergyman should be allowed to preach in that style unless in school-houses and under other similar limitations, until he had obtained a license from his bishop for that purpose. A competent board of judges could, without much difficulty, be found in every diocese to decide on the fitness of every candidate seeking the privilege. If this were done, and these tests were moreover made the stepping-stones to Church promotion, a stimulus would be applied to the rising generation of clergy, which would soon beneficially change the quality of our extempore preaching. One security, at least, would be afforded the public, that the old torture would no longer be inflicted on them of being forced to listen to miserable oratorical displays as empty of grammar and thought as they abound in bathos and sound.

But it may be well to look at the question from the point of view in which Mr. Zincke places it. It is instructive to listen to the account of the personal experience of an honest man honestly endeavouring to struggle onward in the course of improvement in the discharge of a special duty. His story is briefly told. For four years after he was ordained Mr. Zincke preached written sermons; but at the end of that period his eyes were opened to the unpleasant fact that he had laboured in vain—no fruit had followed commensurate with his expectations. The consequence was, a resolution formed, after much consideration, to take to extempore preaching. For years Mr. Zincke laboured on this new line with varying results, and through much discouragement; but success at last rewarded his labours in an enlarged and edified congregation. His conclusion of course is, there is nothing like extempore preaching; and hence this book, in which he gives his experience to the world, and becomes the advocate of "the duty and discipline of extempore preaching." No doubt there is much truth in what Mr. Zincke says, and many of his suggestions are valuable; but as to the logical validity of his argument, we cannot help entertaining grave doubts. It occurs to us to ask whether if he had given the same attention, after his four years' sad experience, to written composition, that with such perseverance he bestowed on the cultivation of the extempore faculty he might not have achieved as great success there. The question, of course, in his case, cannot be answered from experience; but we have no hesitation in saying that he would. And if it be probable that he might have done so, it is clear that his conclusion as to the superiority of extempore preaching is a hasty induction from a very narrow experience. But the question of the superiority of preaching without notes or manuscript is capable of being submitted to a test. What is extempore speaking? and what is the proper sphere for its exercise? As to the great question, it is plain that an extempore speech does not necessarily mean one that is unpremeditated. Whether in Parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar, a speech or sermon is generally an address that has been most carefully considered before delivery. But it is, or should be, especially such in the pulpit. In Parliamentary debate, or in forensic discussion, where speeches must be made in reply to other speeches, the legislator and the lawyer is always prepared, whatever be his previous premeditations, to

* The Duty and the Discipline of Extempore Preaching. By F. Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wharfedale, &c. London: Rivingtons.

vary his address according to the circumstances that may arise. But the clergyman in the pulpit is never in this position. He is the one and sole speaker; no person dare stand up to question his facts or his arguments; and he can follow, without fear of interruption, the line of argument or address he has previously marked out for himself. Extempore speaking, therefore, is not indispensable to the discharge of pulpit ministrations, however useful it may be at religious meetings and on the arena of controversy. Further still, as his pulpit duties are those, not of a debater, but instructor or lecturer, the methods of address in use among the latter classes of speakers ought to be the best suited for the proper discharge of those duties. We have already pointed out that the clergyman trained into the lecturer's style of oral instruction is likely to preach extemporary sermons possessing at least the qualities of clearness and connection. But even in the lecture-room, we do not find all lecturers adopt this method. In the department of knowledge, in particular, which most closely approach theology, namely—moral philosophy, it is never used, lectures on moral questions being invariably delivered from manuscript. If, therefore, the question were to be decided by the analogy of instruction in other branches of knowledge, or even by the practice of the bar or by the customs of Parliament, we see that a much stronger case could be made out in favour of written pulpit discourses than for extempore. There can, moreover, be no doubt that there is nothing that can be done by the orator, either in the way of appeal to the feelings or instruction of the mind, that is not attainable by the practice of the pen. If a clergyman would only lay himself out for excellence in preaching of the kind with the same diligence with which Mr. Zincke gave himself to the study of the extemporary art, he would be certain of achieving success and acquiring much pulpit reputation. The misfortune is that, with but few exceptions, but little pains are taken with written sermons, most of them being composed on Saturday night, when neither time nor vital energy is left for the production of an edifying discourse. The result is a growing aversion to pulpit instruction, which is falling behind the requirements of the times, and must come to nought if effective means be not soon taken to reform it.

PAUL MASSIE.*

"PAUL MASSIE" is one of the most unaffected books we ever read. There is neither gasp, nor gurgle, nor moonshine in it. The author selects tempting places for piling that sort of agony which some writers believe to be the expression of literature, and his characters move in circles where, under the Latin and Greek grammar prompting of Mr. Guy Livingstone, they would be certain to confound themselves and their readers classically. Furthermore, Paul Massie comes from Mexico, and never indulges in doggerel Spanish; he meets with strange and interesting adventures with fast people and slow people, and yet there is neither duke nor marquis amongst them. He might have had a bishop where he is content with a plain rector. This absence of pretension distinguishes the author throughout. If the work is a first work, it speaks well for his future career. He has a story to tell, and before sitting down to it there is intrinsic evidence that he had fully thought it out. It is also apparent that he had taste enough to know the exact groove into which such a story should run. Most romancists make a prime mistake here. Every narrative should proceed in a key or pitch suited to the subject. If it commences on too high a note, we find it unable to reach a good sonorous point when necessary; if too low, the transition to a more dramatic interval of the scale may be abrupt and ineffective. "Paul Massie" is taken on the proper register, and consequently, so far as style is concerned, progresses without break or flaw from beginning to end. The tale itself is somewhat dark in colour, but not with sensational daubing. The character of the hero is drawn with a few bold strokes, and we should have preferred more background of analysis to render the figure distinctive. A little of that inferior art which helped Mr. Wilkie Collins in the composition of "Basil" would have assisted the writer of "Paul Massie" to bring his hero more prominently forward. As it is, "Paul Massie" is no puppet. His "romance" is not the offspring of a mind merely impregnated with the thistle-down seeds of current fiction, but is the result of a superior talent which may ripen into genius. The capacity for artistic reserve displayed is most promising, especially when associated with as many samples of power as indicate the force withheld, not from weakness but by design. Miss Braddon would shine or blaze, pyrotechnically, in some of the situations in this novel; the author is content to use language vigorous enough to rise to the occasion without turning on Bengal lights. A similar modesty pervades the asides and sentiments of the book. There is a cheap cynicism, sloop satire, with which many of our novel-writers obtain a repute for smartness. Old jokes about women, their talkativeness; about old maids, their gossiping tendencies, and likings for dogs and cats; about clergymen, their minor hypocrisies, serve the pseudo-satirist with sufficient material to impress half a dozen school-girls and two or three hundred newspaper critics with a profound regard for his worldly wisdom. "Paul Massie" has a few quiet suggestions of humorous peculiarities worth a thousand horse-collar or toilet-vinegar jocosities of the above nature.

Mrs. Massie is an exceedingly clever conception. Her distinctive weakness of character, her struggles to suppress the

maternal yearnings under fear of exposure, the natural manner in which a course of ingeniously devised circumstances at last compel the discovery of her sin, the close adherence of the author to the legitimate train of consequences, strike us as being both unusually interesting and even exciting. You do not feel ashamed of the emotion caused by scenes in "Paul Massie," so directly does it arise out of legitimate contrivances. There is, to be sure, no elaborate attempt at realism. The author tells the reader that "he may meet with incidents or people, or even mysteries, the like whereof do not encounter him every day when he takes his walk abroad, or rides to the Bank on his omnibus." "Paul Massie" is not incredible enough to need this explanation. It neither shocks our sensibility nor deters us with monsters. It is a romance pure and simple. We might wait for ever for such an arrangement of incidents, but when they are set for us, we have only to slip easily into the mood, and accept them. The plot of the tale arises in Mexico, but the author does not for a moment encroach on the territory of Captain Reid. Paul Massie returns from a cosmopolitan tour to Seaborough, on a visit to his cousins. The first night of his arrival, he strolls on the beach to smoke a cigar, finds a man standing over the body of a drowned woman, and endeavours to take from him a ring which he supposes to have been pulled from off her finger. From this juncture the narrative starts, and, winding through various mazes of passion and stratagem, of love, of jealousy, and finally of murder, concludes with a quiet, compensative marriage, in which the joy-bells are muffled by the surrounding atmosphere. The notion of the work is not very comprehensive, and yet the writer manages to embrace in it the most attractive varieties of life. We are introduced to Salome de Luca, who entertains French exiles, journalists, swells, musicians, and M.P.'s. The mode in which those several personages establish their claims to consistence and form is admirable; they are neither over-clever nor over-dull. With that praiseworthy moderation which we have before remarked, the writer does not endeavour to convert them into vehicles for the carriage of his own elaborated repartees to his own prepared questions, but causes them to move and talk as if they were not in a book, or intended for one. Jem Halliday is a sound study. He is sufficiently villanous without being stagey, without hinting fiddles and lights half down. The common story of the jilted lover maddened by jealousy, and allowing his mind to feed on the morbid fancies of revenge, in this case are elevated by a subtle psychological following of the influences of every motive, and a covert recounting of the sum which precedes the climax and the catastrophe. The writing in some of the passages through which Halliday is tracked to the commission of murder is often exceedingly graphic and forcible. The following extract, while giving a tolerable sample of the author's style, bears upon a subject which is now attracting interest—the condition of Hyde Park at night:—

"A sharp wind began to blow the dust about Halliday's ears and eyes and hair, and presently rain descended. His tree was a tolerably good shelter, and wretched creatures speedily found their way there and swarmed around him. He hoped it would soon get fine again; but it did not get fine. It began to rain harder and harder; at last it became a drenching down-pour. Some of those who were near Halliday got up and ran from the rain, as if out of the mere instinct of running rather than because they hoped to find a better shelter elsewhere. They were new and raw to the business as yet, and had evidently been until very lately accustomed to expect shelter of some kind when rain came on. The experienced had chosen their places from the beginning, and knowing they could get nothing by changing their ground remained where they were. Some of them grumbled and some of them blasphemed, and one or two women gathered their clothes more tightly about them and giggled; and some took it as a matter of course, and did not seem to care whether it rained or left off. Halliday made no move. He had nowhere else to go; and to have got up and left the spot would moreover have involved the disturbing of some of his neighbours, and an almost inevitable interchange of talk, and he was in no humour for talk just then. The rain splashed down upon his wretched clothes, and he hated to feel it streaming on him—he had always a keen objection to physical discomfort; and he associated in his mind this other suffering with the beings who, he firmly believed, had already wreaked so many wrongs on him. He was lying there under that rain that he might be the better able to keep watch upon his enemies; and was not this misery therefore another count in the indictment against them, another item in the long catalogue of his grievances? Why, if there could have been required any possible motive to prick the sides of his revengeful intent, the rain which now streamed down upon his homeless form would have supplied it."

It is a pleasure, after the rubbish shot upon us during the season to come across a work like this occasionally. The evident conscientiousness of the writer telling his story clearly at all risks, at the risk of not being thought funny enough or sensational enough, deserves every encouragement. Nor do we think this virtue will only be its own reward, a fatal description of emolument to a book; it ought to bring the author of "Paul Massie" success, if not at once, certainly at a later period. The work proves the possibility of inventing and carrying out an original story; of making it entertaining, lively, fresh, and always progressive without the aids of the veneer, tinsel, or paint with which we are so frequently disgusted. The abominable caddishness of late novelists is insufferable. They revel in broughams, and drive a coach-and-four through the pages of the peerage; yet they write of the aristocracy as footmen might write of their masters. Paul Massie is a healthy book, and entirely free from this imbecile conceit. The author has an earnest, gentlemanly, and consistent manner, flexible enough to

* Paul Massie: a Romance. Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

impart a grace of style to characters of every degree in his story without depriving them of dramatic colour. He has imagination sufficient to render his creation palpable, and taste enough to keep them within the rules of true and abiding art. We can recommend "Paul Massie" to our readers as an excellent work of fiction, and we should be glad to meet with the writer again in fields where he ought to win no small share of honour, and in which he has already done a great deal to deserve it.

CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.*

It is not difficult to see how the religious myths which Mr. Baring-Gould has included in his book arose. The words of our Redeemer, "Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom," will readily account for the fable of the Wandering Jew; and the rumoured appearance of Antichrist at the close of the sixteenth century is easily referable to the prophecies that Antichrist would come. What is singular is the facility with which these myths have been imposed upon the credulity of the world, and the sober seriousness of the men who have narrated them, not as myths but as truths. Yet in the first of them there is a beauty which in early and strongly believing days, with which our own can so ill sympathize, would appeal forcibly to a Christian world. We find the first extant mention of the Wandering Jew in the book of the Chronicles of the Abbey of St. Albans, copied and continued by Matthew Paris. It tells of a certain Archbishop of Armenia the Greater who, in the year 1228, visits England and repays the hospitality of the monks of St. Alban by informing them, through his interpreter, of one Joseph, "a man of whom there was much talk in the world, who, when our Lord suffered, was present and spoke to Him, and who is still alive, in evidence of the Christian faith." This Joseph had dined "at the table of my lord the Archbishop of Armenia," and his story was as follows:—

"At the time of the passion of Jesus Christ, He was seized by the Jews, and led into the hall of judgment before Pilate, the governor, that He might be judged by him on the accusation of the Jews; and Pilate, finding no fault for which he might sentence Him to death, said unto them, 'Take Him and judge Him according to your law;' the shouts of the Jews, however, increasing, he, at their request, released unto them Barabbas, and delivered Jesus to them to be crucified. When, therefore, the Jews were dragging Jesus forth, and had reached the door, Cartaphilus, a porter of the hall, in Pilate's service, as Jesus was going out of the door, impiously struck Him on the back with his hand, and said in mockery, 'Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker; why do you loiter?' and Jesus, looking back on him with a severe countenance, said to him, 'I am going, and you shall wait till I return.' And according as our Lord said, this Cartaphilus is still awaiting His return. At the time of our Lord's suffering he was thirty years old, and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he always returns to the same age as he was when our Lord suffered. After Christ's death, when the Catholic faith gained ground, this Cartaphilus was baptized by Ananias (who also baptized the Apostle Paul), and was called Joseph. He dwells in one or other divisions of Armenia, and in divers Eastern countries, passing his time amongst the bishops and other prelates of the Church; he is a man of holy conversation, and religious; a man of few words, and very circumspect in his behaviour; for he does not speak at all unless when questioned by the bishops and religious; and then he relates the events of olden times, and speaks of things which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of our Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection—namely, of those who rose with Christ, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto men. He also tells of the creed of the Apostles, and of their separation and preaching. And all this he relates without smiling or levity of conversation, as one who is well practised in sorrow and the fear of God, always looking forward with dread to the coming of Jesus Christ, lest at the Last Judgment he should find Him in anger whom, when on His way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. Numbers came to him from different parts of the world, enjoying his society and conversation; and to them, if they are men of authority, he explains all doubts on the matters on which he is questioned. He refuses all gifts that are offered him, being content with slight food and clothing."

Presuming that a person telling this story of himself did dine at the table of my lord the Archbishop, he might have succeeded in deceiving himself before he deceived others. We cannot say as much for the next Wandering Jew, whom we find, early in the sixteenth century, assisting a weaver named Kokot, at the royal palace in Bohemia, to find a treasure which had been secreted by Kokot's great-grandfather sixty years before, at which time the Jew was present. We suspect that he was rather the sort of Hebrew with whom too many of the aristocratic youth of the present day hold unprofitable relations—to them—than the penitent who served in Pilate's hall. About half a century later the wanderer turns up in Hamburg, one Sunday, in the winter of 1547. He is described, on the authority of "Paul von Eitzen, Doctor of the Holy Scriptures and Bishop of Schleswig," as "a tall man, with his hair hanging over his shoulders, standing barefoot during the sermon, over against the pulpit, listening with deepest attention to the discourse, and whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned bowing himself profoundly and humbly, with sighs and beating of the breast." "He had no other clothing," continues the narrative, "in the bitter cold of the winter, except a pair of hose which were

in tatters about his feet, and a coat with a girdle which reached to his feet; and his general appearance was that of a man of fifty years." The story goes on to say that "many people, some of high degree and title, have seen this same man in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Spain, Poland, Moscow, Lapland, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland and other places." So much did every one wonder over the man, that when the sermon was over, Paul von Eitzen sought him out and inquired of him privately whence he came and how long he had been in that place. It is curious to observe both the similarities and the differences in the accounts given of themselves by the Wandering Jew who dined at the table of my lord the Archbishop in the thirteenth century, and by the wanderer who attracted Paul von Eitzen's attention in the church at Hamburg:—

"Thereupon," says the narrative, "he replied modestly, that he was a Jew by birth, native of Jerusalem, by name Ahasverus, by trade a shoemaker; he had been present at the crucifixion of Christ, and had lived ever since, travelling through various lands and cities, the which he substantiated by accounts he gave; he related also the circumstances of Christ's transference from Pilate to Herod, and the final crucifixion, together with other details not recorded in the Evangelists and historians; he gave accounts of the changes of government in many countries, especially of the East, through several centuries, and moreover he detailed the labours and deaths of the holy Apostles of Christ most circumstantially.

"Now when Dr. Paul von Eitzen heard this with profound astonishment, on account of its incredible novelty, he inquired further, in order that he might obtain more accurate information. Then the man answered, that he had lived at Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion of Christ, whom he had regarded as a deceiver of the people and a heretic; he had seen Him with his own eyes, and had done his best, along with others, to bring this deceiver, as he regarded Him, to justice, and to have Him put out of the way. When the sentence had been pronounced by Pilate, Christ was about to be dragged past his house; then he ran home, and called together his household to have a look at Christ, and see what sort of a person He was.

"This having been done, he had his little child on his arm, and was standing in his doorway to have a sight of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"As, then, Christ was led by, bowed under the weight of the heavy cross, He tried to rest a little, and stood still a moment; but the shoemaker, in zeal and rage, and for the sake of obtaining credit among the other Jews, drove the Lord Christ forward, and told Him to hasten on His way. Jesus obeying, looked at him, and said—"I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go till the last day." At these words the man set down the child; and unable to remain where he was, he followed Christ, and saw how cruelly He was crucified, how He suffered, how He died. As soon as this had taken place, it came upon him suddenly that he could no more return to Jerusalem, nor see again his wife and child, but must go forth into foreign lands, one after another, like a mournful pilgrim. Now when, years after, he returned to Jerusalem, he found it ruined and utterly razed, so that not one stone was left standing on another; and he could not recognise former localities."

This Jew was seen in Spain in the year 1575; and in December, 1599, "a reliable person wrote from Brunswick to Strasburg," that he had been seen alive at Vienna, and that he had started for Poland and Dantzic, purposing to go on to Moscow. The narrative of his appearance is dated "Revel, August 1st, 1613," and those who subscribe it close it with these words:—"What thoughtful, God-fearing persons are to think of the said person is at their option. God's works are wondrous and past finding out, and are manifested day by day, only to be revealed in full at the last great day of account."

Mr. Baring-Gould has strung his myths together with admirable lucidity, and his account of them forms such agreeable reading that his book will become one of the comparatively few which the reader cannot choose but read on to the close. In the chapters on "William Tell," "The Dog Gellert," and "The Mountain of Venus," we have examples of the same story finding its place amongst the legends of many different countries. The fact is very singular, and helps to confirm the theory of the origin of all peoples from one family. Tell's shooting the apple from his son's head belongs to several nationalities with slight variations, as does the story of Llewellyn's dog. Of the myth, the Mountain of Venus, there are again numerous examples, whose "story-root" Mr. Baring-Gould takes to be this:—The underground folk seek union with human beings; a man is enticed into their abode, where he unites with a woman of the underground race; he desires to revisit the earth, and escapes; he returns again to the region below. As the legend shaped itself in the Middle Ages, he believes it to be indicative of the struggle between the new and the old faith. "We see," he says, "thinly veiled in Tanhäuser, the story of a man, Christian in name but heathen in breast, allured by the attractions of paganism, which seems to satisfy his poetic instincts, and which gives full rein to his passions. But then excesses fell on him after awhile, and the religion of sensuality leaves a great void in his breast. He turns to Christianity, and at first it seems to promise all that he requires. But alas! he is repelled by its ministers. On all sides he is met by practice widely at variance with profession. Pride, worldliness, want of sympathy exist among those who should be the foremost to guide, sustain, and receive him," and in the result he buries his sorrows in his old debauchery. We doubt whether this view of the legend as it exists in its Christian form in the story of Tanhäuser is a correct one. Here is the story—a very touching and beautiful one:—

"A French knight was riding over the beauteous meadows in the Hørsel vale on his way to Wartburg, where the Landgrave Hermann

* Curious Myths of the Middle Ages. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

was holding a gathering of minstrels, who were to contend in song for a prize.

"Tanhäuser was a famous minnesinger, and all his lays were of love and of women, for his heart was full of passion, and that not of the purest and noblest description.

"It was towards dusk that he passed the cliff in which is the Hürselloch, and as he rode by, he saw a white glimmering figure of matchless beauty standing before him, and beckoning him to her. He knew her at once, by her attributes and by her superhuman perfection, to be none other than Venus. As she spake to him, the sweetest strains of music floated in the air, a soft roseate light glowed around her, and nymphs of exquisite loveliness scattered roses at her feet. A thrill of passion ran through the veins of the minnesinger; and, leaving his horse, he followed the apparition. It led him up the mountain to the cave, and as it went flowers bloomed upon the soil, and a radiant track was left for Tanhäuser to follow. He entered the cavern, and descended to the palace of Venus in the heart of the mountain.

"Seven years of revelry and debauch were passed, and the minstrel's heart began to feel a strange void. The beauty, the magnificence, the variety of the scenes in the pagan goddess's home, and all its heathenish pleasures, palled upon him, and he yearned for the pure fresh breezes of earth, one look up at the dark night sky spangled with stars, one glimpse of simple mountain-flowers, one tinkle of sheep-bells. At the same time his conscience began to reproach him, and he longed to make his peace with God. In vain did he entreat Venus to permit him to depart, and it was only when in the bitterness of his grief he called upon the Virgin-Mother, that a rift in the mountain-side appeared to him, and he stood again above ground.

"How sweet was the morning air, balmy with the scent of hay, as it rolled up the mountain to him and fanned his haggard cheek! How delightful to him was the cushion of moss and scanty grass after the downy couches of the palace of revelry below! He plucked the little heather-bells and held them before him; the tears rolled from his eyes, and moistened his thin and wasted hands. He looked up at the soft blue sky and the newly-risen sun, and his heart overflowed. What were the golden, jewel-crusted, lamp-lit vaults beneath to that pure dome of God's building!

"The chime of a village church struck sweetly on his ear, satiated with Bacchanalian songs; and he hurried down the mountain to the church which called him. There he made his confession, but the priest, horror-struck at his recital, dared not give him absolution, but passed him on to another. And so he went from one to another, till at last he was referred to the Pope himself. To the Pope he went. Urban IV. then occupied the chair of St. Peter. To him Tanhäuser related the sickening story of his guilt, and prayed for absolution. Urban was a hard and stern man, and shocked at the immensity of the sin, he thrust the penitent indignantly from him, exclaiming—'Guilt such as thine can never, never be remitted. Sooner shall this staff in my hand grow green and blossom, than that God should pardon thee!'

"Then Tanhäuser, full of despair, and with his soul darkened, went away, and returned to the only asylum open to him, the Venusberg. But lo! three days after he had gone, Urban discovered that his pastoral staff had put forth buds, and had burst into flower. Then he sent messengers after Tanhäuser, and they reached the Hürsel vale to hear that a wayworn man, with haggard brow and bowed head, had just entered the Hürselloch. Since then Tanhäuser has not been seen."

We should rather interpret this legend into an assertion of the illimitable character of the Divine Mercy. Confessor after confessor refuses to absolve the guilty man, and the Pope himself rejects him. But the staff blossoms, and points the moral of the tale—a moral which Shakespeare has marvellously expressed in the lines—

"What, if this hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?"

THE MAGAZINES.

A VERY gloomy and ominous article appears in *Fraser* under the title of "Why we want a Reform Bill." The idea of the writer is that Whigs and Tories are equally bad; that the aristocracy generally (from whom our Governments are almost solely derived) is selfish, indolent, and incapable of understanding the tendencies of the age; that by our arrogance to small Powers, and to great Powers under difficulties, and our servility to the strong, we have left ourselves without a friend in the world; that India will prove a source of trouble to us at no very remote future; that Ireland is biding her time, and waiting for the further development of Fenianism in America; and that our conduct towards the United States during the civil war, especially in relation to the neutrality laws, has created there a deep-seated determination to retaliate at the first opportunity. We are thus placed in a position of considerable peril, and, having been brought into it by the mismanagement and anti-popular instincts of the ruling classes, our only hope of escape lies in "trying the nation," according to Mr. Bright's phrase. Such is the argument of the article to which we are referring, and, whatever may be thought of its predictions, it is certainly well worth reading, as the production of a thoughtful and a well-informed mind. The article on Combermere is a review of the recently-published life of that gallant veteran. In another paper, a critical account is given of the career of Heinrich Heine, the strange, wild, melancholy German-Jew-Parisian, who is described by the writer as representing the transition period of the Teutonic race "from theory to practice, from speculative philosophy to active life." Some one, of greater generosity than discretion, undertakes to defend Mr. Swinburne from the censures of his critics, but is not very successful, and seems to

us rather to break down in the attempt; the paper on "Gregory VII."—the Pope who waged so desperate a battle with the German Emperor—is interesting and appropriate at the present time; Miss Frances Power Cobbe discusses "The Conventional Laws of Society;" and "The Provision Trade of Ireland" is made the subject of an article full of facts and figures. The other contents of the number are a story called "A Lost Man," and a translation by Sir Edmund Head of "The Bridal Song of Helen," from the Eighteenth Idyll of Theocritus.

Macmillan opens with a piece of rather heavy pleasantry, called "The Ladies in Parliament, a Fragment after the Manner of an old Athenian Comedy," but which seems to us more in the style of a modern London burlesque. Lord Hobart's article on "Bribery at Elections" is a plea for Parliamentary Reform, the writer disbelieving in penal enactments and in the ballot as cures for electoral corruption, and placing his faith in an extended suffrage. Mr. J. Bruce Thomson contributes a sketch of the late David Roberts, the painter, which is too slight and meagre to be of much interest, though it contains a few extracts from unpublished letters of the artist. "The South of France in Winter" is the first part of some papers by Mr. F. W. Rae, in which he proposes to furnish a more accurate account than can generally be obtained from guide-books of such places as Cannes, Nice, and Mentone: in the instalment here given, a lively idea is conveyed of the region in question, and apparently a trustworthy one. Mr. Grove's commentary on Tennyson's exquisite song, "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean," very thoughtfully brings out the inner sense of that mournfully beautiful production; and Mr. Barnes's article on "Plagiarism and Coincidence, or Thought-Thievery and Thought-Likeness," is curious, as showing the frequent occurrence of similarities between Oriental writers and classical or modern authors, though we think the critic sometimes ranks as a parallelism what is merely an obvious commonplace of poetical diction. Mr. Henry Kingsley's and Mrs. Norton's stories progress through various chapters.

The *Cornhill* has also its two novels—"The Village on the Cliff" and "The Claverings;" and the rest of the Magazine this month has a rather topographical character. The article on Mentone and San Remo is charmingly written, with a true feeling for the sentiment of the place, as well as mere material description; that on Transylvania introduces us in a lively manner to a country still almost untouched by the hand of modern Europe; and that entitled "Good Society in Vienna" gives anything but a flattering picture of the Viennese and their ways. Quoting Lord John Manners's unlucky couplet about "wealth and commerce, laws and learning," being welcome to die, provided "our old nobility" be spared, the writer declares that that nobleman's "ideal of national progress corresponds well enough with the actual condition of the empire of the Danube," that "the Austrians are growing poorer and poorer," and that "what little commerce they have is slipping through their fingers. More than half the monarchy has been governed for twenty years without laws, and they have never had much learning; but Count Clam Gallas, and all the old nobility, still flourish like green bay-trees." He adds:—"Before the battle of Sadowa, good society in Vienna contained two Emperors, three Empresses, eighteen Archdukes, the foreign diplomatic body, and those members of the resident aristocracy whose blood was blue enough. New nobles, members of useful or learned professions, authors, artists, financiers, bankers, merchants, can never, under any circumstances that may be conceived, penetrate into the presence of the elect, who thus live in permanent and inviolable quarantine." Some favourable features, however, are noted in the character of the Austrian nobility. "The Austrian noble," says the writer, "is by no means the indiscriminate or active accomplice of tyranny and priestcraft. Whoever has glanced at the debates of the Austrian House of Lords, must know that, compared with the debates of the Upper Prussian Chamber, their tone is almost Mazzinian and subversive. Then, Austrian loyalty is polite independence, and has nothing in common with the malignant theories of Divine right professed by the Junkerthum of Berlin. While, as a good symptom, belonging to the Danube but not to the Spree, or to the Iser and Neckar, it must be added that the rising generation is nearly reconciled to the essentials of progress. Finally, it should be confessed that if the Austrian takes life with a temper not akin to that which achieves greatness, if he is seldom the stuff of which heroes are made, if he is too willing to pass his days, as Sallust says, with his gaze on the ground, he is often the pattern of a chivalrous and scrupulous man of honour." An historical paper on "The Prussian Army" gives a very clear summary of the progressive development of the military system of that nation which has lately so astonished the rest of the world by its rapid and brilliant successes; the Prussian system of 1813 is particularly commended, but it is feared that, under the present organization, the army will gradually lose its national character. "The Story of a Campaign" seems to us a very purposeless article, being a narrative, written in the form of a diary, in a very bare and choppy style, and with a little affectation of Carlyleism, of Napoleon's campaign in Northern Italy in 1800. But, before dismissing the *Cornhill*, we must mention with commendation some harmonious verses, entitled "In a Gondola," suggested by one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

The *Dublin University* has for its opening paper a very curious article on "Medieval Books and Hymns," in which the successive developments of thought in the early Christian ages are traced with great knowledge and in a liberal spirit. "Dramatic Censorship in Paris before the Revolution" is a singular piece of literary history, illustrating the struggles to which French wits are so constantly condemned by the power of the State. "The First Siege of Limerick" is an article in continuation of some which have already appeared in this Magazine in elucidation of the troublous times of the Revolution of 1688 in Ireland. Further reminiscences of Garrick give flavour and relish to the number; in "Fictile Art in England in the Eighteenth Century," we have a review of the second volume of Miss Meteyard's "Life of Josiah Wedgwood;" and the number is completed by instalments of the two novels, "Never, for Ever," and "Number Five, Brook-street."

The *Month*, from its Roman Catholic stand-point, criticises the "Victims of Doubt," as it calls those who, in the present century, have declared themselves dissatisfied with the proofs on which the Christian religion is held to rest. The article is cleverly written, but, it is needless to say, is full of the usual cool assumptions and beggings of the question which form the stock arguments of "Infallibility." Lady Herbert of Lea has a pleasant paper on "Messina and Catania;" and an interesting review is founded on a work on the United States recently published in France by M. Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne. The series on "English Premiers" is continued by a sketch of Lord North; and the remainder of the number consists of stories, poetry, and notices of books. With this Miscellany we must couple, as representing the Church of England view of religious matters, the *Churchman's Family Magazine*, the current number of which is full of its usual stories, poems, and essays, and seems very fit reading for country curates, and quiet, gentle-minded people generally. *Christian Society*, of which No. II. lies before us, is more directly religious in its character, and hardly belongs to the *genus* Magazine at all.

London Society looks very much as usual, with its pictures of "swells" and pretty girls (somewhat of the fast order), its light literature, and its general air of having been produced for the boudoir and the smoking-room. The best illustration this month is a large-sized engraving from Mulready's charming picture of "Choosing the Wedding Gown," from "The Vicar of Wakefield." Mr. Mark Lemon's agreeable papers on London are this month, we are sorry to find, brought to a conclusion. *Temple Bar* has an article on Shoeburyness and the experiments in gunnery there, as well as other readable but not conspicuous papers. The *Victoria Magazine* starts with an article on Madame de Stael, and then slides into its accustomed subjects. The *St. James's* is miscellaneous and creditable; and *Nature and Art* pursues its appointed way, presenting us with some very excellent letterpress, and some coloured illustrations which are not much to our taste.

We have also received the *Sixpenny Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Day of Rest*, the *Monthly Packet of Evening Readings*, the *Baptist Magazine*, the *Household*, and the *Floral World*.

SHORT NOTICES.

رپورت انجمن اشاعت رطالب مفید پنجاب

(Report of the Anjuman-Punjab, or Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge. Lahore.)—The only interesting fact we notice in this report is that a proposal has been made for the foundation of an Oriental University, for the promotion of the study of Oriental languages (Arabic, Persian, Hindu, &c.) in India. That such a University does not exist already, and that in Government examinations of civil and other officials proceeding to India, a knowledge of Oriental languages is but a slight recommendation, is a disgrace to the English Government. Had English officials been better acquainted with the language of the natives, we believe, there would never have been any Indian mutiny; for the natives would have been better understood, and no cause given them to rebel—or, if they had been mutinous, we should have known of their plots before they were matured. India is the right place for an Oriental University, and a little of the money wasted by the English Government in many useless things might do an immensity of good if bestowed on this praiseworthy institution.

The Quiver. (Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.)—We have had occasion to speak of toned paper literature; but, though the volume before us is termed the "toned paper series," it cannot be said to partake in any very great measure of the characteristics of the class to which it might, by this accident, be referred. *The Quiver* is an illustrated Magazine for Sunday and general reading. Of its illustrations it will be as well to say as little as possible: they are not execrable, and a few are moderate. The Sunday and general reading has been supplied by a variety of hands belonging, for the most part, to names tolerably well known in this class of literature. The serial stories are carefully written, with, of course, unexceptional moral tags; but the majority of the essays are too "goody" in their character to be either pointed or of any very great interest. The whole has been skilfully edited, a fact sufficiently proved by the variety of the contents. Like all books from the same publishers, this first volume of the *Quiver* is issued in a handsome form.

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual. (Routledge & Sons.)—As soon as the Christmas holidays set in with their attendant sports and pastimes, not a few of the "young bears" will begin to make clamorous inquiries for *Routledge's Every Boy's Annual*, a work as highly prized as Peter Parley, and one which, once known, is always sought for, year after year, till the period of hobbledohoy is fairly reached. Mr. Edmund Routledge edits the annual with an elastic spirit, caught from the work itself, and which sheds its influence through every page. Everything is hearty, genial, full of fun, and not a little interesting. Nor does the cunning editor neglect the more solid instructive matter; but this is so capably gilded and spiced that the pill slips down the throats of the unconscious patients without a grimace. The stories are replete with the most extraordinary adventures; the sleight-of-hand tricks, the athletic and indoor games, and treated in a delightfully practical manner; while the descriptive pages are of the deepest interest to juvenile minds. Nothing is wanting to make the annual a thoroughly good companion for every boy home for the holidays.

The Art Journal for November. (Virtue & Co.)—We do not much care for the class of pictures of which "The Breakfast Table," by T. Webster, R.A., engraved in the present number of this handsome periodical, is a specimen. It belongs to the thoroughly realistic order, which we think has little to recommend it on grounds of art; but there are many who feel differently, and we do not quarrel with their tastes. "Hay-Time," engraved by Radclyffe from the picture by Cox, is a most beautiful piece of English landscape, equally distinguished by truth of detail, and poetry of feeling; and the engraving from Rembrandt—"Weary Travellers"—is intense

and powerful, though if, as it is supposed, the female figure be intended for the mother of Jesus, the fact is a remarkable comment on the inability of the old Dutch painters to create any ideal of beauty, or to rise above the homeliness of their own firesides. Three woodcut specimens are given of modern Belgian painters; and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall furnish some interesting personal reminiscences of Miss Edgeworth.

Cassell's Illustrated Penny Readings. Conducted by Tom Hood. (Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.)—This is a wonderful sixpenn'orth. It consists of forty large pages (exceedingly well printed) of excellently chosen stories, essays, poems, and miscellanea, by the best English and American authors, and is embellished by a multitude of woodcuts, some very good, though some a little too much in the modern ascetic style. It also contains a portrait of Mr. Dickens (well-drawn, but not at all like him), and a large presentation engraving of the historical picture of the trial of Lord William Russell. The publication really deserves to succeed.

The Farmer's Almanack and Calendar for 1867. By Cuthbert W. Johnson, Esq., F.R.S., and William Shaw, Esq. (Ridgway.)—We could dispense with the occasional poetry and sentiment in this Almanack; but its useful compendium of agricultural information will recommend it to all cultivators of the soil.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ANOTHER interesting relic of the London of past times is about to be removed. Kensington Church, it is reported, will be pulled down in a few months, being in an unsafe state. It is not a large nor a handsome building, but it has some pleasant associations which will make us regret its loss. When it was built does not appear in any of the records; yet that it is older than the time of Addison is evident from its appearance, and no doubt that was the church the essayist attended when he was living in state at Holland House. Its plain, old-fashioned brown brick with white dressings, its little tower and pollarded trees in the churchyard, are in harmony with the quaint, warm-hued houses by which it is surrounded; besides which, there is a certain repose in the very aspect of old buildings, which suits the grave, meditative character of a literary resort such as Kensington once was. In Leigh Hunt's "Old Court Suburb" it is stated that, "what with partial rebuildings and wholesale repairs," the church "has been altered, since the year 1683, nearly a dozen times." In the churchyard lie buried the young Earl of Warwick, son of the Countess whom Addison married; Francis Colman, father of George Colman the Elder, and grandfather of the younger George; the two Georges themselves; Dr. Jortin, author of the "Life of Erasmus;" the Rev. Martin Madan, author of a book called "Thelyphthoras" (Female Ruin), in which he recommended polygamy as a remedy for seduction; Elphinstone, the translator of Martial; Mrs. Inchbald; Spofforth, the glee-composer; James Mill, the historian of British India, and father of Mr. John Stuart Mill; and a few other notabilities. Some beautiful and affecting remarks on the old churchyard, on the cultivation of flowers on graves, and on the associations of death generally, are contained in Leigh Hunt's work already alluded to, in the chapters devoted to Kensington Church.

We have received a letter from the authoress of "The Boy and the Constellations," requesting us to correct a remark which we made in noticing that work, to the effect that the idea of the Moon visiting Fridolin seemed to be derived from Andersen's story, "What the Moon Saw." Miss Goddard states that she has never read that story, and that her own work was written in the early part of 1865, and accepted by Mr. Warne in the October of that year.

Professor Huxley having joined the Jamaica Committee, the *Pall Mall Gazette* expressed a wish to know whether his "peculiar views on the development of species" had anything to do with the step thus taken. To this the Professor replies in a letter to the *Pall Mall*, in which he says:—"Permit me without delay to satisfy a curiosity which does me honour. I have been induced to join that committee neither by my 'peculiar views on the development of species,' nor by any particular love for, or admiration of, the negro—still less by any miserable desire to wreak vengeance for recent error upon a man whose early career I have often admired; but because the course which the committee proposes to take appears to be the only one by which a question of the profoundest practical importance can be answered. That question is: Does the killing a man in the way Mr. Gordon was killed constitute murder in the eye of the law, or does it not?"

Dr. Conquest, the physician, author of a revised edition of the Bible, called "The Bible with Twenty Thousand Emendations," "The Use and Abuse of Money," and a work on midwifery, died a few days ago, at his residence, Shooter's Hill, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

A preliminary meeting (as we read in the daily papers), for promoting the contemplated memorial to Lord Byron, was held a few days ago in the Mayor's parlour, Nottingham. The proposition most in favour was the erection of a bronze statue in Nottingham. Mr. Walker suggested Carlton-street (Swine-green), the scene of the noble poet's first couplet—

"In Nottingham town, near to Swine-green,
Lives as curst an old woman as ever was seen"—

as the most appropriate place. The top of Market-street was also mentioned as a proper place for the statue. The following resolutions were unanimously carried:—1. "That it is heartily desirable that an effort should be made for collecting a national subscription with a view of erecting a memorial to Lord Byron." 2. "That it is desirable to form a provincial committee, and that Mr. Down and Mr. Chapman be the honorary secretaries." It was then arranged to write to Lord Lytton, Lord Broughton, Sir John Bowring, Lord Brougham, Mr. Charles Dickens, and other noblemen and gentlemen for support. When replies from the above have been received, a public meeting will be convened.

A London correspondent of the *New York Times* writes:—"We have another new Monthly which may not reach you, being mostly intended for home circulation. It is the *Aldgate Magazine*, published to give away by a large clothing house. It is full of the sensation stories which delight the millions. You open it and read:—"This man, so tall, so graceful, dressed in one of Mills & Co.'s elegant black suits, at 50s., was approaching her. She trembled! It was he—it could be no other! She recognised him by the glossy hat, bought of Mills & Co. for 7s. 6d., by the exquisite fit of his handsome boots, 14s., and that most gentlemanly of overcoats, sold only by Mills & Co., at 35s. Her heart beat audibly; her limbs bent beneath her; she was about to fall upon the green sward, when, &c., &c. Each story is written so as to include a complete catalogue of goods and prices, which are so impressed upon the reader by the thrilling incidents and exquisite sentiments of the tale as never to be forgotten." It is said we must go from home to hear home news. This is certainly the first we have heard of the *Aldgate Magazine*.

The Seatonian Prize for an English poem on a sacred subject has been adjudged to the Rev. W. Saumarez Smith, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The statue of George II. in Leicester-square, of which so much fun has recently been made, is to be removed. It was originally at Canons, near Edgeware, the seat of the sumptuous Duke of Chandos commemorated by Pope, but has been in the square for the last one hundred and twenty years.

Some clergymen at Gravesend, who visit the ships there, undertake (says the *Athenæum*) to receive old books and periodicals, and get them bound and made up into ships' libraries. These are put on board ships not otherwise provided with books, or reading of any kind, for the sailors; many ships are totally unprovided. All this is done without any charge on board, and no subscription is solicited from either officers or men. Parcels of books addressed by goods train to the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, Gravesend, are carried free from London by the railways on both sides of the Thames.

It is stated that one of the objects which excited the most curiosity in the recent exhibition at Toledo was a complete edition of "Don Quixote," printed in microscopic characters, on fifty-four cigarette papers.

The press on the Continent is undergoing a period of great tribulation. The *Espanol*, of Madrid, states that the Captain-General, "exercising the powers conferred on him by the exceptional state of the country, has suspended the publication of the *Correspondencia* for a week, and condemned the director to two hundred crowns fine for publishing false news." In Russia, the same thing is going on; for, according to the *Northern Post*, of St. Petersburg, the journal called the *Viest* (News) has received a second warning for having, when alluding to the nomination of a Governor-General, made some remarks on the qualities of his predecessor, and by so doing having set an example "which might lead other journals to publish articles not in accord with sentiments of propriety, with the dignity of the service of the State, or with the obligations incumbent on the periodical press." As long as they can plead the example of France, Spain and Russia may be excused.

Under the title of "Twelve Champions of Revolution," the *Volkszeitung* says, a work has been published at Berlin, giving the biography of twelve men of the revolutionary epoch of the last twenty years in Germany, France, Russia, and Italy. Freiligrath, Karl Blind, Robert Blum, Dortu, Hecker, Ruge, Schlöffer, represent Germany; Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, France; Bakunin, Russia; Mazzini and Cavour, Italy. The work is by M. Gustav Struve, one of the democratic leaders of 1848, and by Dr. Rasch.

MICHEL LÉVY & Co. announce the fourth series of "Quelques Pages d'Histoire Contemporaine," by M. Prevost Paradol, one of the writers on the *Journal des Débats*. The same publishers have also just brought out a new edition of the work of General E. Daumas, entitled "Les Chevaux du Sahara et les Mœurs du Désert." This magnificent edition is accompanied by comments and notes by Abd-el Kader, and ornamented by a portrait of the Emir.

General Philipp de Ségur, the author of "Histoire de la Grande Armée," has just completed his "Mémoires sur Napoleon I. et les autres Personnages célèbres de l'Époque." This veteran author is eighty-seven years old.

A new periodical appeared in Paris on the 1st of November, called "Revue Populaire de Paris."

"Les Mémoires du Comte Bengnot" are announced to appear shortly at the house of DENTU.

We may call the attention of such of our readers as are interested in art to the following publications, which have lately appeared in Paris:—"Albert Durer," by M. Ch. Narry, 1 vol.; "De la Physiognomie," by M. Delestre, artiste peintre, 1 vol., with 539 figs.; "Souvenirs du Règne de Louis XIV.," by M. le Comte de Cosnac, 1 vol.; "Esthétique Générale et Appliquée," by M. D. Sutter, 1 vol.; "Mélanges d'Art Contemporain," by M. Henri Delaborde, 1 vol.; and "Histoire de Charles VII.," by M. Vallet de Viriville, 3 vols.

A special press organ, entitled the *Newspaper Press*, has just been registered at Stationers' Hall, by Mr. Alexander Andrews, the author of the "History of British Journalism," as a medium of intercommunication between all parties associated with newspapers, and interested in newspaper property.

We understand (says the *Guardian*) that Mr. Murray's "Handbook to Bucks, Berks, and Oxford," as well as that to "Northumberland and Durham," are by Mr. Augustus W. Hare, M.A., of University College, Oxford, nephew of the late Archdeacon Hare. The new edition of the "Handbook to Surrey, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight," published last year with large additions, is the work of Mr. Thorne (the author of "Rambles by Rivers," &c.), in conjunction with Prebendary Venables. The latter gentleman is now engaged on a new edition of the "Handbook to Wilts and Dorset and Somerset," which is at present the least satisfactory of the series. This book will be almost rewritten. Mr. R. S. Tremenheere, is the author of the "Handbooks to Oxfordshire and Northumberland."

Mr. Anthony Trollope, whose fecundity is something astonishing, announces, under the title of "The Last Chronicle of Barset," a new serial story, to be published in weekly numbers (thus following the precedent of Dickens's "Master Humphrey's Clock," a quarter of a century ago), with illustrations by Mr. George H. Thomas. The price of the numbers will be sixpence, and they will commence on the 1st of December. Messrs. SMITH & ELDER are the publishers. From Messrs. BRADBURY & EVANS we receive the first part of Mr. Shirley Brooks's story, "Sooner or Later." It opens well, and contains forty-eight pages, which is very good measure. The number of parts will be fourteen, and the illustrator is Mr. Du Maurier. We have only one cut, however, in the part before us. It contains some good suggestions of character, but is not without Mr. Du Maurier's faults of execution.

Messrs. ADAM & CHARLES BLACK announce for publication in November (quarto, price £2. 2s.—large paper, India proofs, £3. 3s.), "The Life of David Roberts, R.A.," compiled from his Journals, and other Sources, by James Ballantine, including a set of Etchings by the Artist, Facsimiles of the Pen-and-Ink Sketches found in his Journal, and Portrait after Sir J. W. Gordon, P.R.S.A., engraved by T. O. Barlow. The Etchings, which are published here for the first time, were, as the Artist remarks, "the commencement of a series of Monastic Remains of Scotland for a work I had begun in 1831, and only a few impressions were taken for myself and a limited circle of friends." The large paper edition, with India proof impressions of the plates, is limited to 110 copies, which will be supplied according to priority of order.

Messrs. BELL & DALDY are about to republish, in fifty-two volumes, fcap. 8vo., with portrait, price £12. 18s. 6d. (large paper edition, £18. 18s.), the Aldine Edition of the British Poets, originally issued by the late Mr. Pickering. The present publishers state that they "have endeavoured to give increased value to the new issue by a careful revision of the texts, by the correction of errors, and by the addition of any illustrative matter that recent literary investigation has provided. Nearly all the authors have undergone this revision, and for this purpose the services of the most competent editors have been secured." The names of the editors include those of Mr. Dyce, Sir Harris Nicolas, the Rev. John Mitford, Mr. Hannah, Mr. Moy Thomas, &c.

Messrs. J. H. PARKER & Co. announce as "in immediate preparation" Sir J. T. Coleridge's "Biography of the late Rev. John Keble," contemporaneously with which Messrs. Parker will bring out a "Series of Photographs," by Savage, of Winchester, illustrative of the life of the author of the "Christian Year," including his birthplace, the village church where he served as curate, &c., and the vicarage and parish church of Hursley.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adams (H. C.), Tales for Sunday Reading. 18mo., 1s.
 Althaus (Dr. J.), On Epilepsy, Hysteria, and Ataxy. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Beatty (Dr. T. E.), Contributions to Medicine and Midwifery. 8vo., 15s.
 Bone (Madlle. L.), Livre d'Or. Royal 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Book (The) of Humour, Wit, and Wisdom. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Bright Thoughts for the Little Ones. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Brown (Dr. John), Home Subscivæ. 6th edit. Fcap., 7s. 6d.
 Carpenter (J. E.), Penny Readings. Vol. VIII. Fcap., 1s.
 Confirmation Class (The). Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Cresswell (Rev. H.), Meditations on Scriptural Subjects. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Daniel (Mrs. M.), Grasping at Shadows. 3 Vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Dumas (A.), Doctor Basilus. Fcap., 1s.
 Dunbar (Rev. D.), Social Life in Former Days. 2nd Series. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Edwards (A. B.), Half a Million of Money. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Eiloart (Mrs.), Ernie Elton at School. Fcap., 2s.
 End (The) of all Things. 3rd Series. Fcap., 5s.
 Flack (Capt.), Hunter's Experiences in the Southern States. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Gladstone (Rt. Hon. W. E.), Speeches on Parliamentary Reform in 1866. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Goethe's Letters to Leipzig Friends. Translated by R. Slater. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Griset's Grotesques. With Rhymes by T. Hood. 4to., 7s. 6d.
 Hanna (Rev. W.), The Passion Week. Fcap., 5s.
 Hannan (J.), Three Hundred Years of a Norman House. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Hatton (J.), Provincial Papers. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Hoge (W. J.), Blind Bartimeus and his Great Physician. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
 How to Cook Apples, Eggs, &c. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Ingelow (Jean), Poems. Illustrated edition. 4to., £1. 1s.
 Jervis (Sir J.), Office and Duty of Coroners. 3rd edition. 12mo., 12s.
 Jessie (J. H.), Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III. 3 Vols. 8vo. £2. 2s.
 Lee (E.), Animal Magnetism. Fcap., 7s. 6d.
 Lights and Shadows of London Life. By Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." 2 Vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 1s.
 Locker (A.), Sweet Seventeen. 3 Vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Longfellow (H. W.), Poetical Works (Chandos Poets. Vol. I.). Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Macaulay (Lord), Lays of Ancient Rome. Illustrated. Miniature Edition. Royal 16mo., 10s. 6d.
 Mary Powell, Maiden and Married Life of. 4th edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Minnie's Legacy. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 My Pale Companion. 8vo., 1s.
 North (B.), Ourselves. 3rd edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Old Memorials of the Stukeleys. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Old Merry's Annual, 1866. Imp. 16mo., 6s.
 Only George. A Story. 2 Vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Peter of the Castle. By the O'Hara Family. Crown 8vo., 2s.
 Peter Parley's Annual, 1867. Royal 16mo., 5s.
 Philip the Dreamer. By W. Cyples. 3 Vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Pulpit Analyst (The). Edited by J. Parker. Vol. I. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Railway Library.—Tom Jones. By Fielding. Fcap., 2s.
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